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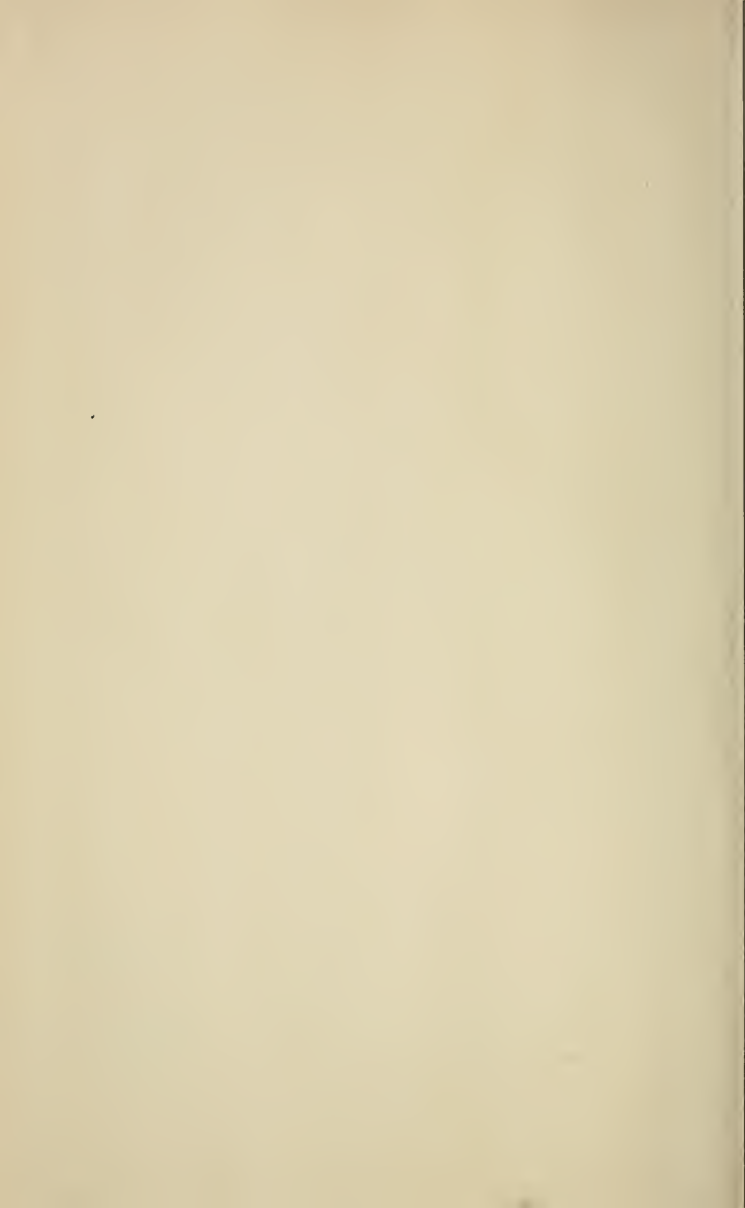


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CHRIST AT THE DOOR

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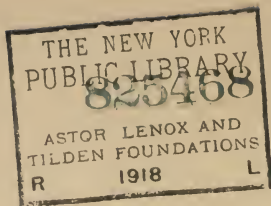
SUSAN HAYES WARD.

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TO MY

DEAR BROTHER WILSON.

INTRODUCTION.

WHATEVER tends to make us conscious of the nearness of Christ, cannot be overlooked by His church. If, by dwelling upon any thought, we are led to realize more fully His unwearying patience and matchless love, we cannot afford to pass it lightly by; on the contrary, we must, perforce, take such thoughts home to our inmost heart, and make them the theme of meditation till we feel His holy Presence within and around us.

With some little appreciation of this fact, the present volume has been prepared. A figure of Holy Writ has been selected, and the attempt made to bring together whatever of Christian lore could illustrate or develop it.

Christus ad portam is our central thought. The metaphor is used by the Revelator when he brings to view the Saviour of men, standing, knocking at their closed portals, with exceeding great and precious promises of grace to all who hear and

open unto Him. In the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, it is the Heavenly Lover, who stands at the door, calling to His Bride, until His head is filled with dew and His locks with the drops of the night; and when, moved by His pleading voice, she tardily unbars the entrance and finds Him not, her remorseful cries wake an echo in the hearts of many laggard Christians who have all too slowly opened to their beloved—"Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" So, years ago, one of His children* sang:

When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord ?
For till Thou dost appear
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year.
There's no such thing as pleasure here,
My Jesus is my all :
As Thou dost shine or disappear
My pleasures rise or fall.
Come, spread Thy savour on my frame,
No sweetness is so sweet,
Till I get up to sing Thy name
Where all Thy singers meet.

And Charles Wesley, with that intense fervor which characterizes him, pleads—

* Rev. Thomas Shepard.

Why not now, my God, my God ?
Ready if Thou always art,
Make in me Thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart :
If Thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now ?

God of love, in this Thy day,
For Thyself to Thee I cry,
Dying, if Thou still delay
Must I not forever die ?
Enter now Thy poorest home,
Now, my utmost Saviour, come.

This subject is here presented under the two divisions of Christ knocking at the door, and Christ, a guest ; and, under the second head, I have taken the liberty to include a few selections which represent the longing of the soul for that communion promised to those who receive the Lord Jesus into their hearts by faith.

This topic, which merely touches our own, is a very fruitful one, and it would take many a volume to exhaust its stores of sacred verse, so I have confined myself, carefully, to those prayers for the Divine indwelling which seem to be specially addressed to the Saviour as a loving companion or longed-for guest, leaving the almost inexhaustible store of hymns which plead for the presence of

the Comforter, or for the Saviour's presence under any other figure than that of a benignant Visitor. Thus, such a hymn as Wesley's,

" Christ whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,"

though closing with the lines,

" Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief,
More and more Thyself display
Shining to the perfect day,"

only adopts the figure of the Sun of Righteousness, or the Day Star, whose warmth and light dispel the clouds of sin or sadness from the heart; and so it is not suitable for our purpose.

Then the many Roman Catholic hymns which treat of the presence of Christ in the believer's heart at the Holy Communion (and we find a wealth of such in Latin, French and German hymnals, to say nothing of those on the same subject from Greek sources), though just upon the border-ground, we turn aside from, as hardly included in our boundaries; and yet, when we recall the promise made by One knocking, to him who

opens, "I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," we must confess that these songs of that sacred mystery, the Holy Supper, seem almost within our limits.

Thus, in one of Faber's child-hymns—and what one of the church's song-masters has had more child-like simplicity than he?—we read :

Jesus, gentlest Saviour !
God of might and power !
Thou, Thyself, art dwelling
In us, at this hour.
Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far ;
Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds can not,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour !
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow ;
Pray the prayer within us,
That to heaven shall rise !
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

Ah ! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home ?
We must wait for Heaven,—
Then the day will come.
Now, at least, we 'll keep Thee
All the time we may ;
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway.

And we feel that the spirit of this and many similar hymns is one and the same with that of our own chosen theme.

It was my desire to make a complete monograph of this figure ; but as I draw my pleasant labor to a close, nearly every new issue of sacred song brings some fresh poem demanding notice.

I here acknowledge gratefully my indebtedness to friends who have aided in the selection of these hymns ; and if, by God's blessing, the work shall result in leading any soul to prepare for his Guest, and to throw open the door, I shall not have labored in vain. SUSAN HAYES WARD.

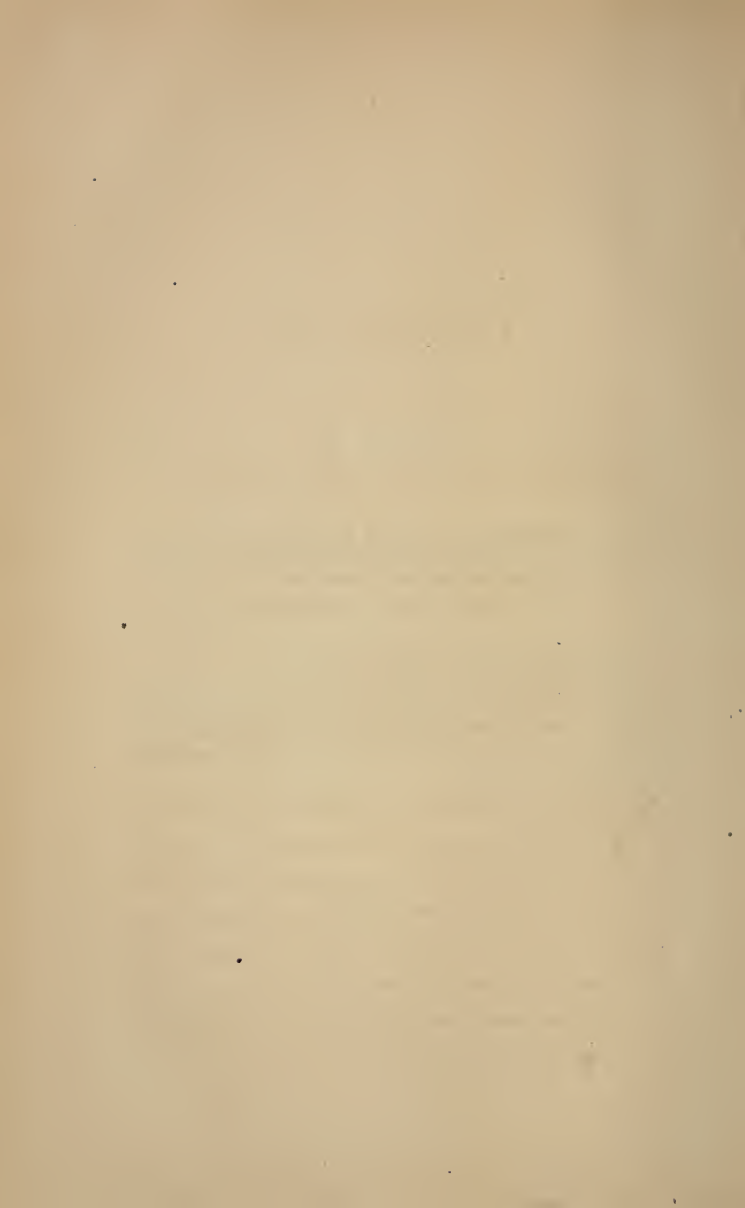
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PART I.

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Behold I stand at the door and knock.—REV. iii. 20.

I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my^o love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew and my locks with the drops of the night.—SOLOMON'S SONG, v. 2.



CHAPTER I.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I LIFT my heart and eyes to Thee,
Jesus, Thou unextinguished Light,
My guardian Stay, and Leader be,
My Cloud by day, my Fire by night.

Glory of Israel, Thou within,
Unshadowed, uneclipsed, appear,
With beams of grace exhale my sin,
Break forth Thou bright and Morning Star !

—TOPLADY.

N EAR by Goupil's old stand on Broadway, a little boy used often to waylay us. Sometimes he would make an unexpected attack from the rear ; sometimes would dart suddenly from round a corner ; and, often, after a toilsome day, when walking homeward with downcast eye and heavy step we would be tending mechanically down the street, like a flash of light the little fellow would

spring from the doorway and draw us back into what was his fairy-land, or, rather, a heaven below, to him.

“Please, stop! Oh! do stop!” he would plead in childish treble. “Come in and see Jesus.”

We used to think of those early disciples, of Andrew and Philip, of all who, having found their Lord, so gladly urge their dear ones with jubilant haste—“Come and see.”

Set low upon the floor, just where the child could stand and look his fill, there hung, for many a week, an engraving of W. Holman Hunt’s wonderful picture, “The Light of the World.” We have all seen it. The original, marvellous in its weird fascination; the engraving, possessing much of the sacred charm that invests the painting; or choice photographs, strangely cheap and beautiful, have made the picture well nigh as familiar as a Raphael or a Guido. Other artists have represented the Gracious Visitor knocking with wounded hand at the fast-shut door, but none, perhaps, have had the gift so to rivet the attention, so to move the heart; nor do we know a sacred painting which has spoken so directly to the soul; one

in which the painter's art has challenged so loudly its sister arts to aid in the outward manifestation of feeling, as in this. Poets have looked and looked again, and then have written as if inspired, and many a hymn whose author acknowledges no indebtedness to the painting, has, nevertheless, evidently drawn its inspiration thence.

Of those poems founded directly upon Hunt's picture, we give the precedence to Mrs. H. B. Stowe's, which has grown familiar as household words to hymn-lovers generally, and, in view of the tenderness of feeling which overflows in every line, we cannot look at it critically. The hymn reads as follows :

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking !

Who is there ?

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kinglly,

Never such was seen before ;—

Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,

Undo the door.

.

No ! that door is hard to open ;

Hinges rusty, latch is broken ;

Bid Him go.

Wherefore with that knocking dreary

Scare the sleep from one so weary ?

Say Him "No."

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking ?

What ! Still there ?

Oh, sweet soul, but once behold him,

With the glory-crownèd hair,

And those eyes, so strange and tender,

Waiting there ;

Open ! Open ! Once behold Him—

Him so fair !

Ah, that door ! Why wilt Thou vex me,

Coming ever to perplex me ?

For the key is stiffly rusty,

And the bolt is clogged and dusty ;

Many-fingered ivy vine

Seals it fast with twist and twine ;

Weeds of years, and years before,

Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking, knocking ! What ! Still knocking ?

He still there ?

What's the hour ? The night is waning—

In my heart a drear complaining,

And a chilly, sad unrest !

Ah, this knocking ! It disturbs me !

Scares my sleep with dreams unblest !

Give me rest :

Rest !—ah, rest !

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee ;

Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure—

Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure—

Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,

Waked to weariness of weeping ;—

Open to thy soul's one Lover,

And thy night of dreams is over,—

The true gifts He brings, have seeming

More than all thy faded dreaming.

Did she open ? Doth she ? Will she ?

So, as wondering we behold,

Grows the picture to a sign,

Pressed upon your soul and mine ;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door ;
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty and forgotten ;—
There the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And with ever-patient watching,
With the sad eyes, true and tender,
With the glory-crownèd hair,
Still a God is waiting there.

There are two poems of English origin bearing the same title. The first of which, though sometimes wanting in rhythm, rivals Mrs. Stowe's in its descriptive power, and has the signature of B. A., Brasenose College, Oxford ; the second, that of W. R. Weale. We give them as re-printed in "The Shadow of the Rock :"

I.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

PAINTED BY HOLMAN HUNT.

IN the moonlight, when no murmur from
the haunts of men is heard,
And the river, in its sleep, flows onward,
onward to the sea,
And thou sleepest, who art drawing nearer
to Eternity,
In the silence and the stillness comes the
Word.

And He knocketh at thy portal, but thou
dreamest in the night
That the flitting bat is only striking softly
'gainst the door ;
Shall He knock so oft who cometh from the
Heaven's eternal shore ?
Sleeper in the darkness, rise, behold thy
Light !

'Tis thy Priest and Prophet, clad in jewelled
robe and white attire ;
'Tis thy King, and on His brow He wears
the thorny coronal,
Budding now with amaranthine leaves and
flowers ambrosial,
In His face is speaking pity, silent ire.

For His glowing lamp discloseth, choking
up thy dwelling-door,
Deadly hemlock, barren darnel, prickly
bramble, withered grasses,
And the ivy knits it closely to its stanchions
and passes
Through the crevices, and hinges, and the
floor.

Let Him in ! for he will sojourn with the
lowest and the least,
And forget that thou didst keep Him wait-
ing in the dews and damp ;
And for guerdon in the valley, He will light
thee with His lamp,
To the happy Shore Eternal and the Mar-
riage Feast.

II.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

LORD, Thou hast sought this wayward heart
in vain ;

Choked by the world's vile weeds its por-
tals stand,

Closed to the touch of Thy redeeming
hand,

Which, knocking gently, would an entrance
gain ;

O Love unspeakable ! that Thou shouldst be
Patient amidst the night's chill-falling
dews,

While I Thy proffered fellowship refuse,
Slothful to rise and ope the door to Thee !

Long have I tarried, dreading yet to bear
The emblems of Thy suffering, thorns and
cross ;

Lost in idolatry of Mammon's dross,
And lured by pleasure's transitory glare ;

Henceforth vouchsafe to shed Thy light
within.

Illume my soul, and let these contrite tears
Blot out all record of my misspent years,
Dark with the sad remembrances of sin ;
Then, in this purified, repentant breast,
Enter, and be forevermore my Guest !

“The People’s Magazine,” of October 1st, 1868, contains a longer poem with the same title. Much of the verse would bear pruning ; it is often weak ; *e.g.*, “Rose the ideas of youth again !” and, in one instance, we have presumed (will the author pardon us?) to correct an ungrammatical construction, but the whole poem is worth a patient reading when, at last, we find lines of such simple heartfulness as those beginning “Ah ! I remembered not how long.” We have not yet learned its authorship, but it seems plainly to bear marks of a woman’s hand.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

THE pearly, purple clearness
Of heaven's gate at morn,
Through closèd eyelids interwove
With dreamings of the dawn ;
And down the gleaming, shadowy ways,
In long, low light withdrawn,
I saw the young hours brightening back
Far off where I was born.
All peach and apple blossom,
With promise and delight,
A heaven of cloudless sun by day,
And golden stars by night.
Bright lay the way before me,
And brighter to its close ;
The farther future ever lit
With deeper tints of rose ;
Till where, amid the western heaven
The glory overflows.
Now, standing at that western gate,
Looking back whence I came,

Those long, gray, desert pathways
 Could never be the same—
Behind me all in shadow,
 Before me all aflame.

Rose the ideas of youth again,
 With grand and glorious eyes,
The visions of immortal things,
 And works that should arise.
Large talents feeling for the air
 Life bursting into song ;
The keen and dauntless spirit
 In hope and purpose strong,
For labour in the vineyard,
 Or battle against wrong.
Deep, deep into the morning
 Dreaming, for life was long.
Ah ! full and fair the shoots of spring
 Waved over all the plain ;
Now come the harvest angels—
 Where is the golden grain ?
O Life, of all thy working day
 Does only this remain ?

Of torn and tangled fragments
Not one without a stain?

The Dead stood up before me,
Once more as they had been,
My own to love and cherish
In daily dearness seen ;
Sweet faces that all silently
With my wild moods had pleaded,
Whose unreproachful sadness
Fell on me then unheeded ;
Who looked to me for sunshine,
And found not what they needed.
“ Come back to me, one little hour,
And I will tend you so ;
Oh ! if you were but mine again,
I would not let you go ;
If I had known you would have died !—
Too late ! too late, I know ! ”

The cold hand shook not in my tears,
No eyelid flushed or fell ;
They spake in calm, clear voices,
“ We rest and we are well ;

All is forgiven, long ago ;
With thee we may not dwell !
They passed away and out of sight
Ere I could say " Farewell."

And there I saw the neighbor,
Uncordial and constrained,
Whom I had coldly welcomed,
And stiffly entertained ;
Absent and fretting all the time
To be so long detained.
I knew the hidden sorrows now
That made her shy and cold,
The cares she would so willingly
Into my ears have told,
The yearning for the sympathy
I would not now withhold,
But now it was not needed—
I guessed it not of old.

And every beggar in the street
I ever had passed by,—
O stay that I may help you now !
But they made no reply.

Then I knew what it was to beg,
And no man heed my cry,
I wept aloud for anguish,—
None stopped to ask me why.

And then I saw One standing
In the December night,
With bare feet on the frozen ground,
And in His hand a light ;
The wondrous Face was turned this way
Full in the lantern shine,
Under the thorns, the deep eyes looked
Their message into mine.
As there He knocked and waited
Before a close-shut door,
With withered, red-leaved creepers,
And tall dry weeds grown o'er ;
No stir, no answer from within,
Yet knocking evermore.
Ah ! I remembered not how long
I turned away and slept,
While under the cold stars, all night,
His patient watch He kept ;

Though all the yearning angels
Were wearied out and wept.
“Here am I, nor will I depart
Until thou let me in;
The Heavens are far behind me,
One human soul to win;
That thou mayst know My mercy
Is greater than thy sin.”

“Light of the world!” I know thee now,
That might have been mine own;
And I have chosen darkness;
Now darkness cometh on.
And it is I must call in vain,
“The Lord of light is gone?”
Then in despair unto the winds
The door I opened wide;
And lo! the same as ever
That Bright One stood beside,
With the same smile upon Thy face,
O Crownèd. Crucified!
As when Thy hand stretched o’er the sea
To Peter, who denied.

I sank in bitter weeping
Beside the open door—
“O good Lord, give me back one hour,
Of all that went before !”
I heard a deep voice tolling,
“Never more, never more !”
On it went echoing wider
Down to the gates of hell,
Helpless and broken-hearted
Into Christ’s arms I fell;
I heard the angels saying,
“He doeth all things well.”

“And a little child shall lead them.” And so with reverent gaze we stand once more where we have often loved to linger and watch the small hand tracing out the Scripture, “Behold I stand at the door and knock,” and we thank God, not only for the gracious call, but also for the royal artist gift by which the loving Saviour is made a living presence to one of His little ones.

CHAPTER II.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead ;
Jesus waits His light to shed,
Be not blind and foolish still :
Called of Jesus, learn His will,
Jesus calls from death and night,
Wake and He shall give thee light."

THERE are many familiar hymns founded directly upon the message to the Laodicean church which have long been endeared to Christians of our own and other lands, and all thought of their literary merits or demerits is lost in the rich treasures of association that cluster around them.

Foremost of them all would we place "The Heavenly Stranger," by the Rev. Joseph Grigg, which bears the date of 1765. This was first pub-

lished in a small volume containing a few hymns, some of which were written when the author was a mere child. How many veteran saints have sung that well-known hymn, "Ashamed of Jesus," without suspecting that the words of their devotion first found voice through a boy of ten years old or under.

Thus out of the mouth of babes and sucklings is His praise perfected.

Whatever may be the worth of Grigg's poetry in a literary point of view, these two hymns, the only ones by which he is known, have a spiritual value that cannot be estimated, and it will be long before they cease to be a power in the Christian Church.

We give the verses as they are found in Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise."

BEHOLD ! a Stranger's at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a Friend indeed ?
He will ! the very Friend you need !

The man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands !
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That hateful, hell-born monster, sin,
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.

If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,)
Lo, He has riches to impart ;
Not wealth, in which mean avarice rolls ;
O better far ! the wealth of souls !

Thou'rt blind ; He'll take the scales away.
And let in everlasting day ;
Naked thou art ; but He shall dress
Thy blushing soul in Righteousness.

Art thou a weeper ? Grief shall fly ;
For who can weep with Jesus by ?

No terror shall thy hopes annoy ;
No tear, except the tear of joy.

Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest ;
Admit Him, for you can't expel ;
Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him, e'er His anger burn ;
His feet departed, ne'er return !
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know, (nor of the terms complain,)
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,
To reign, and with no partial sway
Thoughts must be slain that disobey !

Sovereign of souls ! Thou Prince of Peace !
O may Thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind.

Next to "The Heavenly Stranger" we would

place a well-known hymn by Mrs. Anna Steele. The home of this gifted woman was in Broughton, Hampshire county, England, and her poems were collected and published in 1780, two years after her death, under her fictitious signature, Theodosia. The authorship of many of the trust songs that have been special favorites with both English and American churches for the last century was at first hidden behind this *nom de plume*.

“He lives, the Great Redeemer lives,”

“Dear Refuge of my weary soul,”

“Father, whate’er of earthly bliss,”

are familiar examples, while the following is not one of her happiest efforts.

CHRIST’S CONDESCENSION.

AND will the Lord thus condescend

To visit sinful worms?

Thus at the door shall mercy stand

In all her winning forms?

Surprising grace! and shall my heart

Unmoved and cold remain?

Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, His rightful due
Remain forever barred?

'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power
The lodging has possessed;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the Heavenly Guest.

Lord, rise in Thy all conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from Thy face
Can drive my sin away.

Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour enter in;
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

Many hymns may be found containing this figure of Christ knocking at the bolted door of the heart, which, though they have been copied from one compilation to another, are scarcely worth the preservation. They have been sung in rude assemblies upon the frontier, or wherever it has been needful to startle and arouse ignorant, sleeping souls. Often they are colloquial in form, and are distinguished more by strength than by grace of diction; but whatever of worth may have marked them, originally, has often been obscured or lost through other hands than those of their unknown authors. A few of these hymns, or detached verses, are here inserted, taken from old and discarded hymn-books.

The first, perhaps the least faulty, is to be accredited to the *Hymns of Zion*.

AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

“Behold,” he saith, “I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:

Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

In *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, compiled by Reuben Peaslee (1829), will be found the two hymns, beginning respectively, "Where, saith the mourner, is this Christ?" and "Come, trembling soul, forget your fear." The latter appears, in the same book, in another form. We quote from the first the following stanzas:

I WAIT, saith Jesus, at your door,
With love that knows no bound nor shore,
And far more free am I to give
Than you are ready to receive.

Truly I die, I mourn, I bleed,
I weep, I wait, promise and plead,
Laboring for you, all dressed in gore,
What can I do or offer more?

There are two similar hymns in the *Original and Select Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the use of Christian Societies*, John Tiebout, New York, 1807, the first of which, entitled, "The intercession of Christ," ("Now the Saviour stands a pleading,") we shall not quote; the second is given below:

SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST.

SINNERS, behold the Saviour stands
With pardon in his bleeding hands,
To court you from the jaws of hell,
That you in perfect bliss may dwell.

His spirit with its healing power
Stands knocking, pleading at your door,
He'll bind the wounds that sin has made,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

O, stifle not the heavenly voice,
But hear, and in His name rejoice,

Attend the call, His love embrace,
And taste the sweetness of His grace.

He'll be your Father and your Friend,
Your heart shall sing, your sorrows end ;
He'll feed you with immortal love,
And bring you to his courts above.

In *Divine Hymns*, collected by Joshua Smith and others, with additions by Wm. Northup, Norwich, Conn., 1811, we find the hymn, entitled, "A warning to sinners to flee from the wrath to come," ("When pity prompts, etc.") An extract from the hymn is given in the *Village Hymns*, beginning, "Now is the time, the accepted hour," and is there accredited to Cowper. The verses are not to be found in the Olney Collection.

Now is the time, the accepted hour,
O, sinners, come away,
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay!

O, don't refuse to give Him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw :

He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face !

O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye !

The dead awaked must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraigned at Christ's left hand.

No yearning bowels ; pity then
Shall not affect my heart ;
No, I shall surely say, " Amen,"
When Christ bids you depart.

Let not these warnings, be in vain,
But lend a listening ear,
Lest you should meet them all again
When wrapt in keen despair.

The same volume contains a longer poem, entitled "The Heavenly Courtier," and seems to unite some of the figures of the Canticles with those of the Revelation. In the second verse, the construction is somewhat involved; but, taken as a whole, the quaintness and originality of both thought and expression, render the poem very readable, reminding one a little of Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets," though this will be found far pleasanter than they, from its simplicity of diction, no less than its freedom of motion.

THE HEAVENLY COURTIER.

LET Christ, the glorious lover,
Have everlasting praise,
He cometh to discover
The riches of His grace;
He comes to wretched sinners,
To woo Himself a bride;
Resolving for to win her,
And will not be denied.

Unwilling she discovers
Herself for to deny,

To cast away her pleasures,
And lay her honors by ;
To part with every notion
That puffs her up with pride ;
And take Him for her portion,
And be His loving bride.

He calls aloud unto her,
“Pursue your ways no more ;”
She thinks it will undo her,
To part with all her store ;
She willingly refuses
To yield unto His will,
And in her heart, she chooses
Her former lovers still.

She bolts the door upon Him,
And bids the Lord depart ;
She will not serve His honor,
Nor let Him have her heart :
Yes, Jesus loves the sinner,
And will not leave the door,
But cries “Oh, wretched creature ;
Reject my grace no more.

Behold my matchless fulness !
Arise, and let me in ;
How can you be so cruel,
To bar your heart with sin ?
If calls and invitation
Will not excite your love,
Prepare for condemnation,
For I will not remove."

He then displays His power,
By an Almighty word ;
He threatens to devour,
And shows a flaming sword ;
She now begins to tremble,
At what she sees and hears,
And fain she would be humble
And wash her crimes with tears.

She now begins to languish,
And none can her relieve,
Her heart is full of anguish
To find she can't believe.
Her hopes are now departed,
And left her full of woe,

With all the broken hearted
She cries, "What shall I do?"

But Jesus has compassion,
Still moving in his breast,
Intends to give salvation,
Unto the souls distressed.
One glimpse of love and power,
Makes her forget her pain,
She cries, "O, happy hour ;
Is this the lovely Lamb ?

Is He whom I rejected,
Stooped down to me so low ?
Goodness, but unexpected,
It hardly can be true :"
And still she cries, now fervent,
"Lord, don't thy mercy hide,
May I become a servant,
And fit to be a bride."

The marriage is made ready,
The parties are agreed,
The holy Son of David,
And Adam's wretched seed.

The sinner is attired
With raiment clean and white ;
Her sins are freely pardoned,
And she her Lord's delight.

They eat and drink together,
And mutually embrace ;
Both saints and angels wonder
At the surprising grace ;
This union shall continue,
Forevermore the same,
And nothing part asunder
The Christian and the Lamb.

In this connection may be given two more selections, both paraphrases of the whole address to the Church of Laodicea. The first is by the Rev. John Newton, and taken from the Olney Hymns :

CHRIST'S ADDRESS TO THE CHURCH
OF LAODICEA.

HEAR, what the Lord, the great Amen,
The true and faithful Witness, says ;
He formed the vast creation's plan,
And searches all our hearts and ways.

To some he speaks, as once of old,
 "I know thee, thy profession's vain,
Since thou art neither hot nor cold,
 I'll spit thee from me, with disdain.

Thou boastest, 'I am wise and rich,
 Increased in goods, and nothing need,
And dost not know thou art a wretch,
 Naked and poor and blind and dead.

Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
 My message is in mercy sent,
That thou may'st my compassion prove,
 I can forgive, if thou repent.

Wouldst thou be truly rich and wise,
 Come buy my gold in fire well try'd,
My ointment, to anoint thine eyes,
 My robe, thy nakedness to hide.

See at thy door I stand and knock,
 Poor sinner shall I wait in vain?
Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,
 That I may enter with my train.

Thou canst not entertain a King ;
Unworthy thou of such a Guest !
But I my own provision bring,
To make thy soul a heavenly feast."

The following is from a collection of poems by
"Charlotte Elisabeth," (Mrs Tonna,) born in Nor-
wich, England, 1790, and better known by her
prose than by her poetry :

LAODICEA.

CEASE ye from man's delusive word,
Ye fools, return again,
And hear the all-creative Lord,
Th' Omnipotent, Amen.

"The secret sin that taints thy breast,
Thine outward deeds reveal,
Would thou wert cold, a foe confest,
Or hot in loyal zeal.

"Thy God rejects the lifeless prayer,
And loathes the hollow praise ;
And, mid the wealth thy lips declare,
Thy naked want surveys.

“Thou say'st, ‘No higher grace I need;
Behold how rich I am!’
Oh, that thy darkened eye could read
Thy penury and shame.

“Poor wretched soul! deceived and blind,
Beware! I counsel thee
To buy thee gold in fire refined,
And raiment pure, of me.

“Anoint thine eyes, behold the rod,
In chastening mercy sent;
Oh, hear the deep rebuke of God,
Be zealous and repent.

“Through many a long rebellious year,
I at the door have stood,
And called the slumbering heart to hear,
The Saviour's pleading blood

“And yet I wait, and yet, once more,
Repeat the gracious cry,
Thou loitering soul, unclosethe the door;
I bring salvation nigh.

“ Upon my Father’s lofty throne,
With victory crowned I shine;
Me for thy Prince and Saviour own,
My glory shall be thine.”

No doubt many more extracts might be made from the various collections of revival hymns and melodies, that would be found to have a bearing upon the subject; but enough have been given to show that it is not to Attic salt, but to the strong savor of piety which pervades them, that they owe their preservation.

Even the paraphrases given, by such well-known writers as Newton and Charlotte Elisabeth, sound weak and labored when we turn to our King James’s version and read :

“ And unto the angel of the Church of the Laodiceans write: These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God;

“ I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.

“ Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased

with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked :

“ I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.

“ As many as I love I rebuke and chasten : be zealous, therefore, and repent.

“ Behold I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

“ To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

“ He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.”

CHAPTER III.

POETRY OF THE PRESENT.

CHRIST, He requires still, whersoere He comes,
To feed or lodge, to have the best of roomes.
Give Him the choice, grant Him the nobler part.
Of all the house ; the best of all's the heart.

HERRICK.

AN examination of some of the collections of sacred verse, published during the past ten years, reveals a goodly number of poems founded directly upon Rev. 3:20, or the Fifth Chapter of the Canticles.

We look vainly through the hymns of Doddridge, or Cowper, or Watts, or Montgomery, for any representation of this subject. Even George Herbert, who wrote in an age when conceits and figures alone could satisfy the public taste, and who converted every fact of the church's ritual

into a trope, seems to have missed, altogether, this beautiful Biblical illustration. Perhaps the sentimental taste of our age, which runs, even in religion, to pictorial display, elaborating the bodily form and dress of holy thought, rather than vitalizing its spirit, may have wrought for us one good result, in utilizing the multitudinous figures of Scripture, and so making even the most careless Bible-student familiar with much of its rich, oriental imagery. We are very grateful to the authors who give us these exquisite renderings of our texts, and yet we are not satisfied with their works, as a class. The poems are beautiful as poems, and we can hardly account for our dissatisfaction, unless it may be that they aim to be hymns, also; but, falling just short of their aim, remain only beautiful poems; nothing more, after all. This might be said of many of the extracts with which this chapter is filled; though, of course, Jean Ingelow's "Sermon" is excepted from all such criticism, since that rare poem amply fulfils all its aims.

After reading some of this more finished modern verse, one might turn back to Griggs' unpretending, heartfelt hymn, with something of the relief

felt, when stepping from a heated, crowded concert room, he breathes again the clear, cold air of a starry winter's night.

The following poem is from *Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons and Saints' Days of the Church*, by the Rev. Gerard Moultrie, M. A.

MAN OF SORROWS.

WAYFARER.

BEHOLD, I stand at the door and knock,
Hear my voice, thy heart unlock ;
It is I who speak to thee,
I would come in and sup with thee, and
thou with me.

SOUL.

Who is this that stands alone,
In the shadow of the night ?
The rain falls fast, the night winds moan,
My joy has fled with evening light ;
The world's day waxes old, the stars are
dim.
Who says He comes to sup with me and I
with Him ?

WAYFARER.

Sorrow-burdened child of sin,
Open quickly, it is I !
See my feet and take me in,
They are bleeding wearily ;
Pierced through and bleeding are they ;
haste and see ;
I would come in and sup with thee, and
thou with me.

· SOUL.

Yes, the road is old and rough,
Narrow, strewn with many a thorn ;
I have tried it oft enough,
My feet too are pierced and torn ;
I am as Thou art. How say'st Thou to me
That Thou wilt come and sup with me and
I with Thee ?

WAYFARER.

Heavy laden, dim of sight,
Child of Adam, loose the door,
Even through the shades of night,
See my hands how they implore ;

For they are pierced and bleeding all for
thee,
Thus would I come and sup with thee, and
thou with me.

SOUL.

Wounded hands and aching brow,
Since the hour when Adam fell,
Are the lot of man below ;
Each man feels it—ah, how well !
Thou art but one of us who claim'st
to be,
Both guest and giver, and to come and sup
with me !

WAYFARER.

Yes, as thou art, so am I !
Son of man, dost thou repine ?
Doth thy brow ache ? Come, draw nigh,
Raise thine eyes, and look at mine.
Was ever sorrow like my sorrow ? See
With what a festal wreath I come to sup
with thee.

SOUL.

Fathomless eyes of awful love,
 Beaming from the thorn-crowned brow,
Tell me who that garland wove—
 Strange Wayfarer, who art Thou?
I dread, yet know Thee not; oh! show to
 me,
Whence comes the banquet which my lips
 shall share with Thee.

. WAYFARER.

The shadows break, and morning tide
 Reddens the east with dawn at hand.
I lift the veil,—Behold my side!
 Do I yet unadmitted stand?
Be not afraid. 'Tis I who speak to thee;
I will come in and sup with thee, and thou
 with me.

Behold I stand at the door and knock;
Hear my voice, thy heart unlock.
It is I who speak to thee,
I will come in and sup with thee and
 thou with me.

Bonar's *Lyra Consolationis* contains the following "Night Song," with the initials attached. Nothing further is known of its authorship. The poem throughout is warm and full of feeling.

THE NIGHT SONG.

OPEN to Me, my sister,
My dove, my undefiled !
Fair, solitary lily
Of all this thorny wild.
Oh, let Me see thy countenance,
Oh, let Me hear thy voice ;
For pleasant are thy tone, thy glance ;
They make My heart rejoice.

Open to Me, my sister :
Chill is the faint moonlight ;
My head is filled with dew damp,
My locks with drops of night.
Thou know'st not thy Beloved's voice,
His knocking at thy door ;
Strange on thy ear His pleadings fall,
They melt thy heart no more.

Open to Me, my sister !
Look on Me now, and see
What I have braved in battle,
And all for love of thee.
The thorny crown my visage marred,
The sharp spear pierced my side ;
The nails my hands and feet have scarred,
My wounds were deep and wide.

Open to Me, my sister !
I love, I linger yet ;
While fast the moon is waning,
And stars begin to set.
When o'er yon hills to thee I sped,
My step was glad and fleet ;
But sad and slow will be the tread
Of my retiring feet.

Open to Me, my sister !
Oh ! wilt thou not invite
The world's outcast wayfarer
To tarry for a night ?
The mountain foxes have their holes,
The sky birds have their nest,

But save in thy surrendered soul

I have not where to rest.

A. R. C.

In the *Lyra Messianica*, edited by Rev. Orby Shipley, is the following poem of H. N. Oxenham's, taken from *The Sentence of Kairies, Shrimpton*, 1854, which, for want of the dramatic element, suffers a little in comparison with the last two.

THE HEAVENLY STRANGER.

A STRANGER in the pale moonlight,

Before the door He stood ;

His locks are drenched with dew's of night,

His raiment stained with blood.

A torch in nail-pierced hand He bore,

No earthly sun so bright ;

A stranger at th' unopened door

He knocked the livelong night.

The cruel cincture o'er his brow,

Woven of thorns, is bound ;

Tears from His eyes incessant flow,

Like rain upon the ground.

Not for the chill night-dews He wept,
Not for the thorny crown ;
But that His own, His loved ones slept
And left Him all alone.

The sheep will hear the shepherd's cry,
The hen can call her brood,
Yet to His voice came no reply,—
Shepherd whose name is Good.

The flowers unfold them to the sun,
Some radiant grace to win ;
The livelong night that torch^h burnt on,
Yet all was dark within.

The next example is from the *Hymns for Divine Worship, compiled for the New Methodist Connexion, Wm. Cooke, London*, and bears the signature, J. L., 1837.

HEREIN IS LOVE.

DOTH He who came the lost to seek,
To save the soul benighted,—

Doth He entreat with earnest voice,
And shall His love be slighted?
His call to every human heart
To bid unholy thoughts depart,
And as its Lord receive Him?

Doth the great Saviour stand and call?
Shall we remain unheeding?
Doth He repeat His kind request?
Can we withstand the pleading?
That faithful Friend, His life who gave,
From sin's dread bonds,—from death to
save!

O let us turn and hear Him.

He bids us all obey and live,
God's word of love repeating;
Oh let us not the call refuse!
Our Judge! we yet shall meet Him!
Great Source of Good! Thy grace impart,
That now, at length, each wandering heart
May for its Lord receive Him.

For strength and individuality of expression,
perhaps the following poem by Herbert Kynas-

ton, D.D., excels any of the preceding. It has proved itself a favorite with collectors, having found its way into several volumes of sacred verse, and is credited to *Occasional Hymns*.

THE MORNING WATCH.

THE night is far spent and the day is at hand,
There are signs in the heaven, and signs in
the land,
In the wavering earth, and the drouth of
the sea—
But He stands and He knocks, sinner, nearer
to thee.

His night-winds but whisper until the day
break
To the Bride, for in slumber her heart is
awake ;
He must knock at the sleep where the rev-
elers toss,
With the dint of the nails and the shock of
the cross.

Look out at the casement, see how He ap-
pears,
Still weeping for thee all Gethsemane's
tears ;
Ere they plait Him earth's thorns, in its sol-
itude crowned
With the drops of the night and the dews
of the ground.

Will you wait ? Will you slumber until He
is gone,
Till the beam of the timber cry out to the
stone ;
Till He shout at thy sepulchre, tear it apart,
And knock at thy dust, Who would speak
to thy heart ?

In this connection belong three poems of Amer-
ican birth. The first of these, which is probably
better known to the general reader than any other
in this chapter, is from the pen of Bishop Arthur
Cleveland Coxe, LL.D., the Keble of the American
Episcopal Church. It is one of Dr. Coxe's hap-
piest efforts, and the words deserve to be wedded,

as they have been, to sweet and appropriate music. It is entitled :

THE HEART'S SONG.

IN the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom door ;
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore.
Say not, 'tis thy pulse's beating ;
'Tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks and crieth,
" Rise and let me in ! "

Death comes down, with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut :
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast !
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in ;

At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot ?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He knows thee not !

The second is a sonnet by Grace Webster Hinsdale.

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE HEART.

A WOUNDED hand doth knock upon thy
door,
A gentle, loving one, with bleeding brow,
Stands waiting for thy leave to enter now,
That to thy sin-sick soul He may restore
The bloom of virtue's health forevermore.
He once upon the cross His head did bow,
That thy poor, sinful soul he might endow
With all His heavenly grace. He waits to
pour
His light divine into thy darkened eye ;
He waits to cheer thy soul with music sweet.

Dost thou not hear His call? Lo! from
the sky,
Angelic ones look down to see thee meet
Thy Saviour and thy friend. No longer try
To bar thy door, but rise, thy Lord to greet.

Though the last of the American poems here quoted introduces other Biblical figures than that of which we treat, it is gladly given entire, remembering, with sorrow, that the gifted author has sung her last earthly song. Phœbe Cary did not, during her life, achieve so wide a literary reputation as her sister Alice; writing much less, her poems naturally preserve a more uniform value. Very few, if any, should be dropped out, through demerit, from an edition of her works, while some seem well-nigh deserving of immortality. Such a poem as that on drawing "water from the wells of salvation," "I had drunk with lip unsated," should not perish; and her "One sweetly solemn thought" is known and loved and sung not only throughout our land, but, so the legend runs, has been one of God's chosen means of grace even at the antipodes. When the books

are opened before "the great white throne" of which she sang, what astonishment and joy will overwhelm humble, self-distrustful souls like Phœbe Cary, or like the author of "My faith looks up to Thee," who carried so long his unused and unvalued manuscript, to learn of the multitudes, unnumbered of man, who have come "home to their Father's house" from the East and from the West, and from the North and from the South, summoned, guided and blessed by their inspired minstrelsy.

YE DID IT UNTO ME.

SINNER, careless, proud and cold,
Straying from the sheltering fold,
Hast thou thought how patiently
The Good Shepherd follows thee,
Still with tireless, toiling feet
Through the tempest and the heat;
Thought upon that yearning breast
Where He fain would have thee rest,
And of all its tender pain
While He seeks for thee in vain?

Dost thou know what He must feel,
Making, vainly, His appeal,
When He knocketh at thy door,
Present entrance to implore—
Saying, “Open unto Me,
I will come and sup with thee ;”
Forced to turn away at last
From the portal shut and fast ?
Wilt thou, careless, slumber on
Even till thy Lord has gone,
Heedless of His high behest,
His desire to be thy Guest ?

Sinner, sinner, dost thou know
What it is to slight Him so ?
Sitting, careless, by the sea,
While He calleth—“Follow Me :”
Sleeping, thoughtless, unaware
Of His agonizing prayer,
While thy sins His soul o’erpower,
And thou canst not watch one hour ?
Our infirmities He bore,
And our mortal form He wore ;

Yea, our Lord was made to be
Here, in all things, like as we,
And that pardon we might win
He, the sinless, bare our sin !

Sinner, though He comes no more,
Faint and fasting to thy door,
His disciples here, instead,
Thou canst give the cup and bread ;
If His lambs thou dost not feed,
He it is, that feels their need,
He, that suffers their distress,
Hunger, thirst and weariness ;
He, that loving them, again,
Beareth all their bitter pain !
Canst thou, then, so reckless prove—
Canst thou, dar'st thou slight His love ?

Do not, sinner, for thy sake,
Make Him still the cross to take,
And ascend again for thee
Dark and dreadful Calvary !
Do not set the crown of pain
On that sacred head again ;—

Open all afresh and wide
Closèd wounds in hands and side !
Do not, do not scorn His name,
Putting him to open shame !

O, by all the love He knew
For His followers, dear and true ;
By the sacred tears He wept
At the tomb where Laz'rus slept ;
By Gethsemane's bitter cry,
That the cup might pass him by ;
By that wail of agony,
“ Why hast Thou forsaken Me ! ”
By that last and heaviest stroke,
When His heart for sinners broke,
Do not let Him lose the price
Of His awful sacrifice.

This division of the subject is closed with a portion of Jean Ingelow's “ Brothers and a Sermon.” We are forced to omit the introduction of the poem, and open our quotation with the brothers' entrance to the sea-side church, where

the grand old man was preaching. We make the extract almost regretfully, as it seems nothing less than vandalism to remove so rare a gem from its choice setting, but the whole poem is too long to be quoted here. As for the Sermon, which is given entire, it has not a line to spare. It is the best temperance lecture, the best charity discourse, the best appeal for the erring and lost, the best sermon to the young, we have ever heard. We consider it, without exception, the choicest and best of Miss Ingelow's poems ; and where all are choice and good, what more can be said ?

FROM "BROTHERS AND A SERMON."

AND a soft fluttering stir
Passed over all, and every mother hushed
The babe beneath her shawl, and he turned
round,
And met our eyes, unused to diffidence,
But diffident of his ; then with a sigh
Fronted the folk, lifted his grand, gray head
And said, as one that pondered now the
words

He had been preaching on with new surprise,

And found fresh marvel in their sound,

“ Behold !

Behold !” saith He, “ I stand at the door
and knock !”

Then said the parson, “ What ! and shall He
wait,

And must he wait, not only till we say,

‘ Good Lord, the house is clean, the hearth
is swept,

The children sleep, the mackerel boats are
in,

And all the nets are mended, therefore I

Will slowly to the door, and open it ;’

But must He also wait, where, still, be-
hold !

He stands and knocks, while we do say

‘ Good Lord,

The gentlefolk are come to worship here,

And I will up and open to Thee soon ;

But first, I pray, a little longer wait,

For I am taken up with them ; my eyes,

Must needs regard the fashion of their
clothes,
And count the gains I think to make by them;
Forsooth, they are of much account, good
Lord ;
Therefore have patience with me—wait
dear Lord,
Or come again ?

“What ! must He wait for THIS—
For this? Ay, He doth wait for this, and still,
Waiting for this, He, patient, raileth not ;
Waiting for this, He saith, ‘ Behold !
I stand at the door and knock.’

“O, patient hand !
Knocking and waiting—knocking in the
night,
When work is done ! I charge you, by the sea,
Whereby you fill your children’s mouths,
and by
The might of Him that made it—fishermen !
I charge you, mothers ! by the mother’s milk

He drew, and by His Father, God over all,
Blessèd forever, that ye answer Him !

Open the door with shame, if ye have
sinned ;

If ye be sorry, open it with sighs.

Albeit the place be bare for poverty,
And comfortless for lack of plenishing,

Be not abashed for that, but open it,
And take Him in that comes to sup with
thee ;

‘Behold,’ He saith, ‘I stand at the door
and knock.’

“Now, hear me : there be troubles in this
world,

That no man can escape, and there is one
That lieth hard and heavy on my soul,

Concerning that which is to come :

“I say,

As a man that knows what earthly trouble
means,

I will not bear this ONE—I cannot bear

This ONE—I cannot bear the weight of you—

You—every one of you, body and soul;
You, with the care you suffer, and the loss
That you sustain; you, with the growing up
To peril, may be with the growing old
To want, unless, before I stand with you
At the great white throne, I may be free
of all,

And utter to the full what shall discharge
Mine obligation: nay, I will not wait
A day, for every time the black clouds rise,
And the gale freshens, still I search my
soul,

To find if there be aught that can persuade
To good, or aught forsooth that can beguile
From evil, that I (miserable man!
If that be so) have left unsaid, undone.

“So that when any risen from sunken
wrecks,
Or rolled in by the billows to the edge
Of th’ everlasting strand, what time the sea
Gives up her dead, shall meet me, they may
say,
Never, ‘Old man, you told us not of this;

You left us fisher-lads that had to toil,
Ever in danger of the secret stab
Of rocks, far deadlier than the dagger ;
winds

Of breath more murd'rous than the can-
non's ; waves

Mighty to rock us to our death ; and gulfs,
Ready beneath to suck and swallow us in :
This crime be on your head ; and as for us,
What shall we do ? ' but rather—nay, not so,
I will not think of it ; I will leave the
dead,

Appealing but to life : I am afraid
Of you, but not so much if you have
sinned,

As for the doubt if sin shall be forgiven.
The day was, I have been afraid of pride —
Hard man's hard pride ; but now I am
afraid

Of man's humility. I counsel you
By the great God's great humbleness, and
by

His pity, be not humble over much.

See ! I will show at whose unopened doors

He stands and knocks, that you may never
say

‘ I am too mean, too ignorant, too lost ;
He knocks at other doors, but not at mine.’

“ See here ! it is the night ! it is the
night !

And snow lies thickly, white untrodden
snow,

And the wan moon upon a casement shines,
A casement crusted o’er with frosty leaves,
That make her ray less bright along the
floor.

A woman sits with hands upon her knees,
Poor tired soul ! and she has naught to do,
For there is neither fire nor candle-light ;
The driftwood ash lies cold upon her hearth ;
The rush-light flickered down an hour ago ;
Her children wail a little in their sleep
For cold and hunger, and as if that sound
Was not enough, another comes to her,
Over God’s undefilèd snow—a song—
Nay, never hang your heads—I say, a song.

“And doth she curse the ale-house, and the
sots
That drink the night out and their earnings
there,
And drink their manly strength and courage
down,
And drink away the little children’s bread,
And starve her, starving by the self-same act
Her tender suckling, that, with piteous eyes,
Looks in her face, till scarcely she has heart
To work and earn the scanty bit and drop
That feed the others?

“Does she curse the song?
I think not, fishermen; I have not heard
Such women curse. God’s curse is curse
enough.
To-morrow she will say a bitter thing,
Pulling her sleeve down, lest the bruises
show—
A bitter thing, but meant for an excuse—
‘My master is not worse than many men:’
But now, ay, now, she sitteth dumb and
still;

No food, no comfort, cold and poverty
Bearing her down.

“ My heart is sore for her ;
How long, how long ? When troubles
 come of God,
When men are frozen out of work, when
 wives
Are sick, when working fathers fail and die,
When boats go down at sea — then naught
 behooves
Like patience ; but for troubles wrought of
 men
Patience is hard—I tell you it is hard.

“ O thou poor soul ! it is the night—the
 night ;
Against thy door drifts up the silent snow,
Blocking thy threshold : ‘ Fall,’ thou sayest,
 ‘ fall, fall,
Cold snow, and lie and be trod underfoot,
Am not I fallen ? Wake up and pipe, O wind,
Dull wind, and beat and bluster at my door ;

Merciful wind, sing me a hoarse, rough song,
For there is other music made to-night
That I would fain not hear. Wake, thou
still sea,
Heavily plunge. Shoot on, white waterfall.
O, I could long like thy cold icicles
Freeze, freeze, and hang upon the frosty
cliff
And not complain, so I might melt at last
In the warm summer sun, as thou wilt do!

“ ‘ But woe is me ! I think there is no sun ;
My sun is sunken, and the night grows dark :
None care for me. The children cry for
bread,
And I have none, and naught can comfort
me ;
Even if the heavens were free to such as I,
It were not much, for death is long to wait,
And heaven is far to go !’

“ And speak’st thou thus,
Despairing of the sun that sets to thee,
And of the earthly love that wanes to thee,

And of the heaven that lieth far from thee?,
Peace, peace, fond fool! One draweth near
thy door

Whose footsteps leave no print across the
snow;

Thy sun hath risen with comfort in his face,
The smile of heaven to warm thy frozen
heart;

And bless with saintly hand. What! is it
long

To wait and far to go? Thou shalt not go;
Behold across the snow to thee He comes,
Thy heaven descends; and is it long to wait?
Thou shalt not wait: 'This night, this
night,' He saith,

'I stand at the door and knock.'

"It is enough—can such an one be here—
Yea, here? O God, forgive you, fishermen!
One! is there only one? But do thou know,
O woman pale for want, if thou art here,
That on thy lot much thought is spent in
heaven;

And, coveting the heart a hard man broke,
One standeth patient, watching in the night
And waiting in the day-time.

“ What shall be
If thou wilt answer? He will smile on
thee ;
One smile of His shall be enough to heal
The wound of man’s neglect, and he will
sigh,
Pitying the trouble which that sigh shall
cure ;
And He will speak—speak in the desolate
night,
In the dark night : ‘ For me a thorny crown
Men wove, and nails were driven in my
hands
And feet : there was an earthquake, and I
died ;
I died, and am alive forever more.

“ ‘ I died for thee ; for thee I am alive,
And my humanity doth mourn for thee,
For thou art mine ; and all thy little ones,

They, too, are mine, are mine. Behold, the
house

Is dark, but there is brightness where the
sons

Of God are singing ; and, behold, the heart
Is troubled ; yet the nations walk in white ;
They have forgotten how to weep ; and
thou

Shalt also come, and I will foster thee
And satisfy thy soul ; and thou shalt warm
Thy trembling life beneath the smile of
God.

A little while—it is a little while—

A little while, and I will comfort thee ;

I go away, but I will come again.'

“ But hear me yet. There was a poor old
man

Who sat and listened to the raging sea,
And heard it thunder, lungeing at the cliffs
As like to tear them down. He lay at
night ;

And, ‘ Lord have mercy on the lads,’ said he,

‘ That sailed at noon, though they be none
of mine ;

For when the gale gets up, and when the
wind

Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
And lulls and stops and rouses up again,
And cuts the crust clean off the plunging
wave,

And scatters it like feathers up the field,
Why, then I think of my two lads : my lads
That would have worked and never let me
want,

And never let me take the parish pay.
No, none of mine ; my lads were drowned
at sea—

My two—before the most of these were
born.

I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor
wife

Walked up and down, and still walked up
and down,

And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea

That raged and beat and thundered in the
night—

The awfulest, the longest, lightest night
That ever parents had to spend—a moon
That shone like daylight on the breaking
wave.

Ah me ! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead
mouths,

And got them home, and dried them in the
house,

And seen the driftwood lie along the coast
That was a tidy boat but one day back,
And seen, next tide, the neighbors gather it
To lay it on their fires.

“ ‘Ay, I was strong
And able-bodied—loved my work ;—but now
I am a useless hull ; ’tis time I sunk ;
I am in all men’s way ; I trouble them ;
I am a trouble to myself ; but yet
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,
And feel for wives that watch ashore.

Ay, ay !

If I had learning I would pray the Lord
To bring them in ; but I'm no scholar, no ;
Book-learning is a world too hard for me ;
But I make bold to say, " O Lord, good
Lord,

I am a broken-down poor man, a fool
To speak to Thee : but in the Book 'tis writ,
As I hear say from others that can read,
How, when Thou camest, Thou did'st love
the sea,

And live with fisher-folk, whereby, 'tis sure
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,
And all their trouble.

“ ‘As for me, good Lord,
I have no boat ; I am too old, too old—
My lads are drowned ; I buried my poor
wife ;
My little lasses died so long ago,
That mostly I forget what they were like.
Thou knowest, Lord ; they were such little
ones

I know they went to Thee, but I forget
Their faces, though I missed them sore.

“ ‘ O Lord,
I was a strong man ; I have drawn good
food,
And made good money out of Thy great
sea ;
But yet I cried for them at nights ; and
now,
Although I be so old, I miss my lads,
And there be many folk this stormy night
Heavy with fear for theirs. Merciful Lord,
Comfort them ; save their honest boys,
their pride,
And let them hear next ebb the blessedest,
Best sound—the boat keels grating on the
sand.”

“ ‘ I cannot pray with finer words : I know
Nothing ; I have no learning, cannot learn—
Too old, too old. They say I want for
nought,
I have the parish pay ; but I am dull
Of hearing, and the fire scarce warms me
through.
God save me, I have been a sinful man—

And save the lives of them that still can
work,
For they are good to me ; ay, good to me.
But, Lord, I am a trouble ! and I sit,
And I am lonesome, and the nights are few
That any think to come and draw a chair,
And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.
Why should they come, forsooth ? Only the
wind,
Knocks at my door, Oh ! long and loud it
knocks,
The only thing God made that has a mind
To enter in.'

“ Yea, thus the old man spake :
These were the last words of his aged
mouth—
But one did knock. One came to sup with
him,
That humble, weak old man ; knocked at
his door
In the rough pauses of the laboring wind.
I tell you that one knocked while it was
dark,

Save where their foaming passion had made
 white,
The livid, seething billows. What he said
In that poor place where He did talk
 awhile,
I cannot tell : but this I am assured,
That when the neighbors came the morrow
 morn,
What time the wind had bated, and the sun
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the
 smile
He passed away in, and they said, ' He
 looks
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
And with that rapturous smile held out his
 arms
To come to Him !'

“ Can such an one be here,
So old, so weak, so ignorant, so frail ?
The Lord be good to thee, thou poor old
 man ;
It would be hard with thee if heaven were
 shut

To such as have not learning! Nay, nay,
 nay,
He condescends to them of low estate ;
To such as are despised He cometh down,
Stands at the door and knocks.

“ Yet bear with me.
I have a message ; I have more to say.
Shall sorrow win His pity, and not sin—
That burden ten times heavier to be borne ?
What think you ? Shall the virtuous have
 His care
Alone ? O virtuous woman, think not
 scorn,
For you may lift your faces everywhere ;
And now that it grows dusk, and I can see
None, though they front me straight, I fain
 would tell
A certain thing to you. I say to you ;
And if it doth concern you, as methinks
It doth, then surely it concerneth all.
I say that there was once—I say not here—
I say that there was once a castaway,
And she was weeping, weeping bitterly ;

Kneeling and crying with a heartsick cry
That choked itself in sobs—‘O my good
name!

O my good name!’ And none did hear
her cry!

Nay, and it lightened and the storm bolts
fell,

And the rain splashed upon the roof, and
still

She, storm-tost as the stormy elements—

She cried with an exceeding bitter cry,

‘O my good name!’ And then the thunder
cloud

Stooped low and burst in darkness over-
head,

And rolled and rocked her on her knees,
and shook

The frail foundations of her dwelling-place.

But she—if any neighbor had come in

(None did); if any neighbor had come in,

They might have seen her crying on her
knees,

And sobbing ‘Lost, lost, lost!’ beating her
breast,

Her breast forever pricked with cruel
thorns,
The wounds whereof could neither balm
assuage
Nor any patience heal—beating her brow,
Which ached, it had been bent so long to
hide
From level eyes, whose meaning was con-
tempt.

“ O ye good women, it is hard to leave
The paths of virtue, and return again.
What if this sinner wept and none of you,
Comforted her? And what if she did
strive
To mend, and none of you believed her
strife,
Nor looked upon her? Mark, I do not say,
Though it was hard, you therefore were to
blame ;
That she had aught against you, though
your feet
Never drew near her door. But I beseech
Your patience. Once in old Jerusalem

A woman kneeled at consecrated feet,
Kissed them, and washed them with her
tears.

“What then?

I think that yet our Lord is pitiful;
I think I see the castaway e'en now!
And she is not alone: the heavy rain
Splashes without, and sullen thunder rolls,
But she is lying at the sacred feet
Of one transfigured.

“And her tears flow down,
Down to her lips—her lips that kiss the
print
Of nails, and love is like to break her heart!
Love and repentance—for it still doth work
Sore in her soul to think, to think that she,
Even she did pierce the sacred, sacred feet,
And bruise the thorn-crowned head.

“O Lord, our Lord,
How great is thy compassion! Come, good
Lord,

For we will open. Come this night, good
Lord ;
Stand at the door and knock.

“ And is this all ?

Trouble, old age and simpleness, and sin—
This all ? It might be all some other night ;
But this night, if a voice said, ‘ Give account
Whom hast thou with thee ? Then must I
reply,

‘ Young manhood have I, beautiful youth
and strength,

Rich with all treasures drawn up from the
crypt

Where lies the learning of the ancient
world—

Brave with all thoughts that poets fling
upon

The strand of life, as driftwood after storms :
Doubtless familiar with Thy mountain heads,
And the dread purity of Alpine snows ;
Doubtless familiar with Thy works, concealed

For ages from mankind—outlying worlds,

And many moonèd spheres—and Thy great
store
Of stars, more thick than mealy dust which
here
Powders the pale leaves of Auriculas.

“‘This do I know, but, Lord, I know not
more.

“‘Not more concerning them—concerning
Thee,

I know Thy bounty; where Thou givest
much,

Standing without; if any call Thee in
Thou givest more.’ Speak then, O rich and
strong:

Open, O happy young, ere yet the hand
Of Him that knocks, wearied, at last, for-
bear;

The patient foot its thankless quest refrain,
The wounded heart forever more with-
draw.”

I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious not to go to heaven alone—

This one man I remember, and his look,
Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,
And out into the darkness with the fisher
folk

We passed, and stumbled over mounds of
moss,
And heard, but did not see, the passing
beck.

Ah! graceless heart, would that it could
regain

From the dim store-house of sensation's
past

The impress full of tender awe, that night,
Which fell upon me! It was as if the
Christ

Had been drawn down from heaven to track
us home,

And any of the footsteps following us
Might have been His.

CHAPTER IV.

POETRY OF OTHER LANDS.

Ψυχὴ μου, ψυχὴ μου,
'Ανάστα, τί καθεύδεις ;
Τὸ τέλος 'εγγίζει,
Καὶ μέλλεις βορυβεῖσθαι ;

Ανάνηψον οὖν, ἵνα
Φείσηταί σου, Χριστὸς
'Ο θεὸς, 'ο πανταχοῦ παρὼν
Καὶ τὰ πάντα πληρῶν.*

IT is a fact worthy of notice, that mediæval hymns very rarely touch warnings to sinners, and, consequently, mediæval poets seem to have quite overlooked our subject, Christ at the door ;

* My soul, my soul arise !
In drunken slumber wherefore lie ?
The end draws nigh,
And shall it thee surprise ?
Awake, then, at the call ;
That Christ, the Lord, thy soul may spare,
He who is everywhere
And filleth all.

yet they do, at times, come very near it. But the few Latin hymns which we have found containing even an allusion to this theme, are connected so much more closely with the last clauses of Rev. 3 : 6, that we reserve them, save one, for another chapter.

This one exception, found in a Munich manuscript of the XVth century, is taken from *Mone's Lateinischen Hymnen* (No. 231). We need only to read the hymn to be persuaded that the cowed monk who, centuries ago, first gave to his monastery these holy thoughts, and the skillful calligrapher whose loving touch traced and illuminated the text on the smooth parchment, even in the darkness of their day, had one faith and one Lord with ourselves; and though their good words may have shed but the faintest ray of light in and around the cloister in whose quiet seclusion their days slipped by, yet like the beacon lamp whose beam scarce gilds the boat rocking within a stone's throw, but blazes with floods of light to guide and warn the mariner far out at sea, so these pious conventuals, the gleam of whose sanctity only serves to render visible the darkness of their age, shed a marvellous brightness upon

us who are borne farther and farther from them on the ocean of time.

In connection with the Latin is placed a very sweet and successful rendering of the hymn into corresponding English verse, by John David Chambers, M.A., found in *Lauda Syon*.

EXHORTATIO ANIMAE AD SUMENDUM
CORPUS CHRISTI.

EIA dulcis anima,
O soror mea cara,
Tuo devotissima
Jam sponso lectum para !

Hospitem mitissimum
Jam eris susceptura ;
Quod in coelis optimum
Est, eris acceptura.

Cujus est praesentia
Tam caritate plena,
Cujus amicitia
Tam nimis est amoena.

Apud te quiescere
Et tecum vult pausare ;
Tecum vult discumbere
Et tecum vult coenare.

Surge, curre obviam
Est enim tam vicinus :
Cordis, per munditiam
Paratos habe sinus.

Tene cum susceperis ;
Hunc ne dimittas victa,
Nisi plene fueris
Per eum benedicta. Amen.

HASTE, my soul, thou sister sweet,
Who all my being sharest,
For thy Spouse a chamber meet
Now see that thou preparest ;
For a kind and gentle Guest
To visit thee intendeth :
All that Heaven hath fair and best
To greet thee condescendeth.

He whose presence e'er imparts
A joy which passeth measure,
He, whose friendship on all hearts
Bestoweth boundless pleasure,
Would possess this breast of thine,
With thee His sojourn making,
With thee at His board recline,
With thee His supper taking.

Arise, and run to meet thy Lord ;
E'en now His steps are near thee,
Thine heart a hallowed shrine afford
For Him to dwell and cheer thee ;
Oh, hold him fast in thine embrace,
Let Him go from thee never,
Till with the fulness of His grace
He bless thee now and ever.

A few selections from German sources are appended, but generally, like the hymns of the Middle Ages, they bear more directly upon the second division of our subject. This first example is a well-known hymn of Gerhard Tersteegen, who died 1769.

GOTT RUFET NOCH.

GOTT rufet noch; sollt' ich nicht endlich
hören?

Wie lass' ich mich bezauben und bethören?
Die kurze Freud', die kurze Zeit vergeht,
Und meine Seel' noch so gefährlich steht!

Gott rufet noch; sollt' ich nicht endlich
kommen?

Ich hab' so lang' die treue Stimm' vernom-
men!

Ich wuszt' es wohl, ich war nicht wie ich
sollt';

Er winkte mir, ich habe nicht gewollt.

Gott rufet noch; wie dasz ich mich nicht
gebe!

Ich fürcht' sein Joch und doch in Banden
lebe;

Ich halte Gott und meine Seele auf;
Er ziehet mich; mein armes Herze lauf!

Gott ruft noch ; ach, dasz ich mich nicht
gebe !

Ich fürcht' Sein Joch, und doch in Banden
lebe ;

Ich halte Gott und meine Seele auf ;
Er ziehet mich ; mein armes Herze lauf !

Gott ruft noch ; ob ich mein Ohr ver-
stopfet :

Er stehet noch an meiner Thür' und klopft ;
Er ist bereit, dasz er mich noch empfäng' ;
Er wartet noch auf mich ; wer weisz, wie
lang'.

Gib dich, mein Herz, gib einmal dich ge-
fangen !

Wo willst du Trost, wo willst du Ruh'
erlangen ?

Lasz los, lasz los ! brich alle Band' enzwei !
Dein Geist wird sonst in Ewigkeit nicht
frei.

Gott locket mich ; nun länger nicht ver-
weilet !

Gott will mich ganz; nun länger nicht
getheilet!

Fleisch, Welt, Vernunft, sag immer, was du
willt,

Mir, Gottes Stimme mehr, als deine, gilt.

Ich folge Gott; ich will ihn ganz ver-
gnügen,

Die Gnade soll in Herzen endlich siegen.

Ich gebe mich; Gott soll hinfort allein

Und unbedingt mein Herr und Meister
sein!

Ach, nimm mich hin, Du Langmuth ohne
Masze?

Ergreif' mich wohl, dasz ich dich nie ver-
lasse!

Herr rede nur; ich geb' begierig Acht;

Führ', wie Du willst; ich bin in Deiner
Macht.

Two translations of the above poem are found
in our hymnals. The first, by Jane Borthwick, in
his *Hymns from the Land of Luther*; the second,

though it has sometimes been accredited to the same translator, is taken from *Golden Moments*, where no translator's name is attached. The first, though preserving the feminine rhymes, is the more successful in rendering the movement of the original.

GOD CALLING YET.

GOD calling yet! and shall I never hearken,
But still earth's witcheries my spirit
darken?

This passing life, these passing joys all
flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumbers
lying!

God calling yet! and I not yet arising;
So long His loving, faithful voice despising;
So falsely His unwearied care repaying;
He calls me still, and still I am delaying.

God calling yet! loud at my door is knock-
ing,
And I my heart, my ear still firmer locking.

He still is ready, willing to receive me,
Is waiting now, but oh ! He soon may leave
me.

God calling yet, and I no answer giving ;
I dread His yoke and am in bondage living ;
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,
He calls me still, O, my poor heart, awaken ! .

Ah ! yield Him all, all to His care confiding,
Where but with Him are rest and peace
abiding ;
Unloose, unloose, break earthly bonds
asunder,
And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder.

God calling yet !—I can no longer tarry,
Nor to my God a heart divided carry ;
Now vain and giddy world, your spells are
broken ;
Sweeter than all the voice of God hath
spoken !

God calling yet ! shall I not hear ?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

God calling yet! and shall He knock
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His spirit grieve?

God calling yet; and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake,
He calls me still! My heart, awake!

God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

In this connection may be given two stanzas,
written at about the same period as Tersteegen's,

by Dr. Johann Christian Storr. The complete hymn may be found in the Liederschatz.

SCHAU,' armer Mensch ! zu diesem Glück
Ruft dein Erlöser dich zurück

Von jenem Grund verderben,
Er kam deszwegen in die Welt,
Und gab für dich das Lösegeld
Durch Leiden und durch Sterben.

Losz dich

Willig

Doch umarmen !

Sein Erbarmen,

Schmach und Leiden

Sind ein Meer voll Seligkeiten !

Ach, kannst du den Immanuel

So vor der Thüre deiner Seel'

Vergeblich klopfen lassen ?

Soll seine unzählbare Pein

Gerad' an dir verloren seyn ?

Dasz heiszt sein Leben hassen !

Arme

Seele !

Komm und wende
Dich behende
Zu den Wunden,
Die dein Hirt' für dich empfunden !

BEHOLD, poor man, to what high joys
Thy Saviour calls, with tender voice,
From ruin near thee lying !
For this into the world He came,
And paid the ransom in thy name,
Through suffering and through dying ;
Embrace
His grace
Now with gladness ;
His great sadness
And compassion
Are, of bliss, a boundless ocean.

Thus shall Immanuel stand before
The closed bars of thy spirit's door,
Knocking and vainly beating ?
Shall His immeasurable woe
Straightway be lost on such a foe ?
His very life thou'rt hating.

Fear it,
 Spirit;
 Quickly turning,
 No more spurning
 Wounds he weareth,
 Which for thee, the Shepherd beareth.

The hymn 561 in the *Gesangbuch zum gebrauch der evangelischen Brüdergemeinen*, Barby, 1783, also alludes to Christ at the door. In this translation an attempt has been made to preserve the astonishing measure of the original, stepping from anapests to iambics and back again, without the slightest hesitation, because the unknown German author has led the way. The hymn and its translation are as follows:

WIE LANGE?

WIE lange musz Jesus doch bey uns an-
 klopfen,
 Eh unsre Herzen offen stehn!
 Indem wir so lange die Ohren verstopfen
 Dasz er oft musz vorüber gehn;

Allein sein Erbarmen hört doch nicht auf
Bis er uns, die Armen mit in den Lauf
Der seligen Kinder der Gnade gezogen
Und unser verhärteles Herz überwogen.

Herr, der du auch mir hast, nach langem
Besinnen

Vernunft und Sinnen übermöcht,
Das Herz mir 'genommen (o seligs Begin-
nen !)

Und an dein Kreuz mich angejocht :
Nun leb' ich in Frieden, nun lasz mich nicht,
Bis an mir hienieden ist ansgericht't
Warum du am Stamme des Kreuzes ges-
torben
Warum du so lang um mein Herze ge-
worben.

Die Stimme des Blutes, das von dir ge-
flossen,

Die schrie mir allenthalben nach ;
Die Thränen die du um mein Leben ver-
gossen,
Die heischten weder Zorn noch Rach ;

Nein, Gnad' und Erbarmen war jeder
Blick

Woran ich noch heute mein Herz erquick',
Und Küsse dir gläubig die blutigen Hände
Womit du mich trügest sammt meinem
Elende.

HOW LONG?

How long must the Saviour stand knocking
and waiting

Before our hearts are opened wide?

We turn away deafly, nor hear him entreat-
ing,

Till grieved and sad, He leaves our side.

But great His compassions, and slow is His
wrath,

Till drawn by His mercy, we find the path
Where children of grace run His errands
with fleetness,

And hearts, hard as ours, are subdued by
His sweetness.

O Lord, who hast formed me, and, graciously
winning
My powers of thought, my powers of
will,
Hast taken my spirit, oh! blessed begin-
ning,
And to Thy cross hast bound it still ;
Thy peace hast Thou given, remain my
Guest
Till Thou hast perfected within my breast
Thy plan on the cross that lost soul to re-
cover
For which at my door Thou didst woo like
a lover.

The voice of Thy blood flowing faster and
faster
I heard where'er my way might be ;
Thy tears for my healing, most merciful
Master,
Deserved not hate nor scorn from me ;
No, pity and pardon alone I saw,
Reviving my spirit, till now, with awe,

Yet trustful, I kiss the hands blood-red and
weary
Wherewith both myself and my woes Thou
dost carry.

In Karl Gerok's hymn-book is found another beautiful poem, which we have not been able to obtain. The following translation, however, is taken from *Palm Leaves from the German of Karl Gerok, translated by J. E. A. Brown. Strahan & Co., London :*

ADVENT.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."

BEHOLD, I knock ! At holy Advent, see,
Without thy door I stand ;
O haste and open ! very blest is he
Who knows the Shepherd's hand.
Lo ! I will enter in and sup with him,
I will give grace, and light 'mid shadows
dim,
Will open to him all the heavenly land !
Behold, I knock !

Behold, I knock ! 'Tis piercing cold abroad
This bitter winter time ;
The ice upon the dark pines has not thawed,
The earth is white with rime :
O human hearts ! are ye all frozen too,
That at closed doors I vainly call to you ?
Is there not one will open to his Lord ?

Behold, I knock !

Behold, I knock ! Methinks if on My face
Thou wouldst but rest thine eyes,
Wouldst mark the crown of thorns, the
sharp nail's trace,
Thou couldst not Me despise !
Thee have I yearned for with a love so
strong,
Have sought for thee so earnestly and long ;
My road led from a cross unto this place :

Behold, I knock !

Behold, I knock ! The evening shadows lie
So peaceful, near and far ;
Earth sleepeth—but in yonder cloudless sky
Glimmers the evening star ;

'Tis in such holy twilight time, that oft
Full many a stony heart hath waxèd soft,
Like Nicodemus, in the dark, drawn night,
Behold, I knock !

Behold, I knock ! To thee I would impart
Salvation's gift alone,
Zaccheus' blessings, Mary's better part,
Would gladly make thine own :
As unto My disciples, would increase,
In the dark night, thy spirit's inner peace ;
Thus, didst thou open, would I greet thy
heart :

Behold, I knock !

Behold, I knock ! O soul, art thou at home,
For thy Beloved's here ;
Hast thou made ready flowers ere He
should come ?

Is thy lamp burning clear ?
Know'st thou how such a Friend received
should be ?

Art thou in bridal garments dressed for Me ?
Decked with thy jewels as for guest most
dear ?

Behold, I knock !

Behold I knock ! but doth thine own heart
beat

With mine in unison ?

Does the soft echo of My loving feet

Scare thee like thunder's moan ?

List to thine heart which beats so rapidly,

It is the voice of God which speaks to thee :

Wake up ! Loud crows the cock, the night
is gone ;

Behold, I knock !

Behold, I knock ! Say not, "'Tis zephyr mild

Which rustles the dead leaf ;"

It is thy Saviour, 'tis thy God, my child,

Let not thine ear be deaf ;

If I come now in breezes soft and warm,

I may return again upon the storm ;

'Tis no light fancy—firm be thy belief :

Behold, I knock !

Behold, I knock ! As yet I am thy guest,

Waiting without for thee ;

The time shall come when, homeless and
distressed,

Thou, soul, shalt knock for Me ;

To those who heard My voice ere 'twas too
late,
I open, in that hour, My peaceful gate ;
To those who scorned, a closed door will
it be :

Behold, I knock !

The following sonnet is from the *Rimas Sacras De Lope De Vega Carpio. Obras de Lope De Vega. Vol. XIII.* Its author was a Spanish divine and dramatic poet, of great fertility of genius, who died in 1635.

SONETI.

¿ QUÉ tengo yo, que mi amistad procuras ?
¿ Qué interes se te sigue, Jesus mio,
Que á mi puerta cubierto de rozio
Passas las noches del hibierno oscuras ?
¡ O quanto fueron mis entrañas duras !
Pues no te abrí, ¡ qué estraño desvario !
Si de mi ingratitud el hielo frio
Secó las llagas de tus plantas puras,

¿ Quántas veces el Angel me decia ;
Alma asómate ahora á la Ventàna,
Verás con quanto amor llamas porfia ?
¿ Y quántas, hermosura soberana,
Mañana le abriremos respondia,
Para lo mismo responder mañana ?

Mr. Longfellow, with his inimitable skill as translator, has rendered this exquisite poem into as exquisite English verse. In point both of sentiment and expression, this seems to us the most nearly perfect, the crowning jewel of this collection.

TO-MORROW.

From the Spanish of Lope de Vega.

LORD what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst
wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter
there ?

O strange delusion ! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh ! to Heaven
how lost

If my ingratitude's unkindly frost,
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy
feet.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
“Soul, from thy casement look, and thou
shalt see

How He persists to knock and wait for
thee !”

And oh ! how often to that voice of sorrow,
“To-morrow we will open,” I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered,
still,—“To-morrow.”

It is thus that the Son of man ever comes,
passing by no door that might receive him ; but
whether He shall enter as a Guest, depends upon
the free-will of those to whom He calls. It is to
this effect that Pere Hyacinthe writes to a convert :

“You have desired, on this day so full of lov-
ing and sorrowful memories, to lay your suffering
hand in the hand of the crucified Spouse, never

again to be withdrawn. How beautiful appears that Spouse of Calvary, in his blood and through your tears, and how truly is he made for you, my daughter ! It is not only 'Patience smiling at grief,' it is love transported with sorrow, and reposing in death. Ah ! blessed art thou, to have been led to the nuptial chamber of the Lamb !

"And yet, my daughter, if Christ has enticed your heart, (it is the prophet's own word, 'O Lord, thou hast enticed me and I was enticed ; thou art stronger than I and hast prevailed,') he has respected all the rights of your reason and free-will.

"It is thus that Jesus has sought you for himself. Spouse of souls, he is, at the same time the Spouse of truth and freedom ; and this is why, when he draws souls to himself, he never beguiles nor compels them. He is the Eternal Word begotten of the reason of the Father, born in the outflow of his infinite splendor ; he remembers his origin, and when he comes to us, it is not under cover of our darkness, but in the sincerity of his light. And because he is Truth, he is Liberty ; he bows with respect before the liberty of the soul, his

image and offspring, and unlearns the language of command, to employ none but that of prayer. 'Open to me, my sister, my love, my undefiled,' he says in the sacred song, 'for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.' 'Behold,' he says in the Revelation, 'I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me.' He does not force an entrance into the heart, but he enters if it is opened to him. O rapturous words, which show that with God, love has the same delicacy as with man! True love respects as well as loves, and will accept its triumph only at the hands of our free choice."

PART II.

CHRIST A GUEST.

IF any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—REV. 3 : 20.

I rose up to open to my Beloved ; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock. I opened to my Beloved.—SOLOMON'S SONG 5 : 5.

CHAPTER I.

SONGS OF OUR OWN TONGUE.

THY God was making haste into thy roof,
Thy humble faith and fear keeps Him aloof.
He 'll be thy Guest ; because He may not be
He 'll come into thy house ? No, into thee.

CRASHAW.

OF the four lines with which this chapter opens and of his readers' acquaintance with them. George Macdonald writes, They are " dear to me, but probably unknown to most of them, written I must tell them, for the sake of their loving Catholicity, by an English Jesuit of the 17th century. They touch the very heart of the relation between Jesus and the centurion." " I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof ;" such was the humble confession of the Roman soldier, and it has been the cry forced from the Christian heart wherever the

Lord has revealed Himself, from the earliest days of His ministry to the present. "Whose shoe latchet I am not worthy to unloose," acknowledges that rigid moralist, the ascetic Baptist. "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," is the involuntary prayer of impetuous Peter. "The least of all—who am not meet," are the self accusing words of him who had been the proud persecutor of the disciples, making havoc of the church; and, to-day, when the voice of the Lord is heard without, "Open to me my beloved;" the penitent soul responds as it unbars the door, "I am not worthy." But Jesus bestowed upon the self-abased centurion a higher honor than His mere bodily presence in an earthly home, better than the gift of renewed life to his servant, when He stooped to enter that heart full of faith the like of which had not been found in Israel. So now, He is better to us than our hopes. He not only deigns to enter as a Guest, but He, Himself, heaps the board, and serves the repast. Humility in His presence, and shame at the long delay in answering His call, together with a joyful recognition of the soul's duty to her Heavenly Spouse and of His infinite condescension in choosing her,

are the characteristic emotions represented in the selections which we have made for this part of our subject.

We quote first from the Holy Sonnets of Dr. John Donne, leader of the English metaphysical poets, who wrote in the first part of the 17th century. In the character of him drawn by Mr. Isaac Walton, we find earnest commendations of his bodily presence, his intellect and his heart. We there read—"The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

"His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgment. He did much contemplate (especially after he had entered his sacred calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say, in a kind of sacred ecstasy, 'Blessed be God, that He is God only, and divinely like Himself.' He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it

into his active body ; that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust.

“ But I shall see it reanimated.”

The sonnet, though showing the faults of the age, is yet not without its merits.

HOLY SONNET.

BATTER my heart, three-personed God, for
you

As yet but knock ; breathe, shine, and seek
to mend ;

That I may rise and stand ; o'erthrow me,
and bend

Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make
me new,

I like a usurpt town to another due,

Labour to admit you, but oh ! to no end ;

Reason, your victory in me, me should de-
fend,

But is captived and proves weak or untrue ;

Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved
fain,

But am betrothed unto your enemy ;
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot
again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthal me, never shall be free ;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

Passing now over two centuries, we draw from modern English collections two anonymous poems, the first taken from *Kennedy's Hymnologia Christiana*.

Behold thy King cometh to thee.—ZECH. ix.

UNFOLD your gates, and open
The door of every heart ;
Their tokens of rejoicing,
Let field and wood impart ;
The path with branches strewing,
Adorn the sacred way ;
Throw wide the gates of glory ;
The King must pass, to-day.

O mighty King, O Jesu,
My heart shall welcome Thee,

My heart too little worthy
The Saviour's home to be.
Yet will I not, distrustful,
Refuse the royal Guest ;
The publican and sinner
Received Him, and were blest.

O Lord, in faith and meekness,
My heart would Thee retain,
And yield Thee love unfeignèd,
Whom none have loved in vain,
For all who bid Thee welcome
While passing on Thy way,
A home Thou hast preparèd
In everlasting day.

The second is from the *Lyra Eucharista*, and deserves a more complete acknowledgment at its author's hands, than the mere initials, "E. L. L."

"He came unto His own and His own received Him not."

OUT on the world unheeded came there
One at midnight hour,
A lowly maid His mother and manger
stall His bed ;

Out on the cold, cold winter, when the snow
lay on the ground,
He came a tender infant to Bethlehem's
humble shed.

Out on the world unheeded—for none
knew that He was God,
Save His parents, and the Shepherds and
the strangers from afar ;
These were His sole adorers, these the
courtiers of the King ;
The world saw not the rising of the bright
and morning star.

Out on the world, forsaken, poor, He comes
to sinners, still,
When storms are raging fiercely, and 'tis
night because of sin ;
Out on the cold, cold winter, to their thank-
less hearts He comes,
And they turn their faces from Him, and
will not take Him in.

Out on the world, neglected, careless Chris-
tians love Him not,
While on our altars dwelling, veiled in
mystery most high ;
Unbelieving they reject Him—they will not
own their Lord,
Out on the cold, cold winter—for they
pass unmindful by.

Out on the world forsaken—but the faithful
take Him in,
As to her breast did Mary, on that first
glad Christmas night ;
And where'er the consecration tells of the
Hidden God,
They bend the knee and worship Him
who is the Light of light.

And every lowly bosom which receives
Him tenderly
He strengthens with His presence, and
His blessing comfort brings ;

What joy to that poor dwelling when the
Lord of glory comes,
Another Bethlehem's manger to enthrone
the King of kings.

Such be my heart, Lord Jesus, this blessed
Christmas morn ;
Cold, cold, the world unheeding, but my
Guest vouchsafe to be ;
Though mean and poor the dwelling, true
my heart's glad welcome is,
And this my prayer increasing — Stay
Thou evermore with me.

Out on the world forsaken, oh ! regard Thy
children's love—
Our tears be reparation for the slights
upon Thee thrown ;
May the Church's great thanksgiving, this
Holy Sacrifice,
Avail for all the thankless, and for all our
sins atone.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! sing every tongue with
joy !

He comes to dwell amongst us, our sweet
sacramental King ;

Raise up to heaven your anthems, let them
join the angel songs,

Telling out to every people this great and
wondrous thing.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! till death our voices
hush,

Till we join the Church Triumphant and
reach the fount of grace,

Then no more the hidden Presence nor
eucharistic rite,

But the Bridegroom's marriage supper,
and to see Him face to face.

In *Hymns Ancient and Modern* may be found
the following hymn by Rev. W. Walsham How :

O JESU, Thou art standing,
Outside the fast-closed door,

In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er :
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and Sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

O Jesu, Thou art knocking :
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred ;
O Love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
“ I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ? ”
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

One of the most valued hymnists of our day is Miss Anna L. Waring, of Neath, Wales, some of whose Christian lyrics have attained great popularity; but probably no one of her poems has so taken the Christian world by storm as the touchingly beautiful hymn—

“Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me.”

If our memory serves us, when that devout prayer first went the rounds of the American press, each line had a Bible reference annexed, thus showing how thoroughly the verses were imbued with the Scripture spirit. In the heart of the church this hymn is honored, standing beside the masterpieces of that favored trio—Dr. Ray Palmer, Miss Phœbe Cary and Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams. Howbeit, in the “service of song in the house of the Lord,” it has not attained to the first three. The sweet expression of faith which we give below, is copied from her *Hymns and Meditations*.

If any man hear my voice and open the door, etc.—REV. iii. 20.

SON OF MAN, my heart within,
Pouring light on all I see,

Even through my very sin
Holding fellowship with me !

Not with stern upbraiding word
Didst Thou wake my slumbering ear :
Winning were the tones I heard
When the Judge of man drew near.

He in whom the righteous shine
Came His own condemned to bless ;
And this guilty soul of mine
Knew Him by His gentleness.

When He entered, what was I ?
That which He was sent to save ;
That for which He chose to die,
Rising glorious from the grave.

Victory in His hand He bore ;
Courage with His Presence came ;
I was but a prey before,—
Then He called me by His Name.

And with freely offered heart
On his sacrifice I fed ;

He, my being's vital part,—
He the lifter of my head.

Sin, that once I would not own,
Then His searching love confessed ;
Shame, that else I had not known,
Found me leaning on his breast.

He can touch the spirit there
With a grief it never brings ;
Veiled no more His sacred share
In our base and bitter things.

That which feared Him, hiding deep,
Springs to His consuming sight :
He is all I wish to keep
In this fellowship of light.

And the glory who can show,
When, with Him upon the throne,
We, for whom He stooped so low,
Joy to live by God alone?

Son of Man, at meat with Thee
Be Thy happy servant found,

Strong for blessed ministry
In the hungry darkness round.

From American sources may be gathered a few poems. The first is found in *The Changed Cross*.

MY GUEST.

I HAVE a wonderful Guest,
Who speeds my feet, who moves my hands,
Who strengthens, comforts, guides, com-
mands,
Whose presence gives me rest.

He dwells within my soul:
He swept away the filth and gloom,
He garnished fair the empty room,
And now pervades the whole.

For aye, by day and night,
He keeps the portal—suffers naught
Defile the temple He has bought,
And filled with joy and light.

Once 'twas a cavern dim;
The home of evil thoughts, desires,

Enkindled by infernal fires
Without one thought of Him.

Regenerated by His grace,
Still 'tis a meagre inn, at best,
Wherein the King's to make His rest
And show His glorious face.

Yet, Saviour, ne'er depart
From this poor earthly cottage home,
Until the Father bid me come,
Whispering within my heart :

"I shake these cottage walls ;
Fear not ! at My command they bow ;
My heavenly mansions open now,
As this poor dwelling falls."

Then my dear wondrous Guest
Shall bear me on His own right hand
Unto that fair and Promised Land
Where I in Him shall rest.

The second of these American poems is copied

from the manuscript of the author, Rev. J. Wilson Ward, Jr. The verses quoted are the closing stanzas of a longer poem, and seem to us full of that sweet and humble Christian spirit which have been noticed as characterizing the hymns of our second class.

THE HOMELESS WAYFARER.

KING OF GLORY! looking love and meek-
ness,

While the proud world scoffs and scorns,
Still Thou waitest, O, unequalled patience!
On Thy head a crown of thorns.

In Thy Father's house are many mansions,
Pleasant mansions, bright and fair,
Yet Thy patient feet still wander earthward,
All to win and lead us there.

Though the heart was made a home for
Jesus,
Yet it knows no guest but sin;
Though He stand and knock, no cheerful
welcome
Bids the blest Wayfarer in.

At my door the wayworn Wanderer
knocketh,

Wandering where fond friends are few ;
And He waiteth till His locks are dripping,
Cold and wet with midnight dew.

I behold Thee, O Thou Man of sorrows,
Faint and footsore, all for me ;
Let my dwelling, mean, and small, and
wretched,
Open wide, dear Lord to Thee.

Come! O come! Thou meek and lowly
Jesus!

Dwell with me and be my Guest ;
Come Thou Christ of God, sweet Elder
Brother!

Cross my threshold ; bring me rest.

From Rev. A. C. Thompson's *Christus Conso-*
lator, we quote, in closing this chapter, the follow-
ing exquisite verses by Miss Harriet McEwen
Kimball. We would love to see the poem, which
is rarely suited for illustration, well represented

by a skillful artist. It must have been as one who well knew what earthly woe means, that the poet gave "Speechless Sorrow" a place within her house; and still we read, that though the dumb attendant was bidden to trim the lamp and light the fire, it was in blinding darkness that the soul groped to find the lock and turn the key.

Thus should our artist paint the picture. Into the darkness which Sorrow only makes more dark the light should stream, as the Master enters, glorifying even the sombre garments of that silent guest. "They shall obtain joy and gladness," foretold the gospel prophet, "and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

"SUPS WITH ME."

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me,
I was sighing wearily!
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock;
And a hand was on the lock;

One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
“ I am come to sup with thee.”

All my room was dark and damp ;
“ Sorrow,” said I, “ trim the lamp ;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face ;
Set the guest-chair in its place.”
And again I heard the knock ;
In the dark I found the lock—
“ Enter ! I have turned the key—
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me !”

Opening wide the door He came ;
But I could not speak His name,
In the guest-chair took His place,
But I could not see His face.
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo ! my Master,
Was the Guest that supped with me !

CHAPTER II.

SONGS OF OTHER TONGUES OR TIMES.

“Now see ye qui and for quas sake
Crist come til us our kind to take;
His fust com was bodilye,
Bot an other est gastilye,
That es quen Crist gifes us wille,
His commandment to fulfille;
For son quen we haf wil to do,
Al that the preachour says us to—
And feles our harte in charite,
In sothe ful siker may we be—
That Crist is comen in til our hertes
Gastli, that us til goodnesse ertes,
Of us self haf we noht bot sin,
Bot quen Crist wirkes us wit in,
Than at the fust beginne we
God cresten men for to be.”

SO ran the Old English homily, versified, that thus the preacher might catch the ear, and so win the heart of his rude audience. That was the age of Chaucer.

It was a century later—a full hundred years

before Luther; but the Christian Church, like a strong man tossed in troubled dreams before awaking, gave many a sign that she was soon to arise and cast off her heavy slumber. Wicliffe in England, Huss in Bohemia, Savonarola in Florence, had already disturbed her rest, and the Munich manuscript of the XVth century, from which the following Latin hymn is quoted, leads to the belief that even Bavaria was not without its witnesses for the indwelling Christ, and for the salvation that comes through faith in His name. The beautiful hymn speaks for itself, as does also Mr. Chambers' exquisite English translation which is subjoined, taken from his *Lauda Syon*.

ORATIO PRÆPARATORIA AD SACRAM
COMMUNIONEM.

SALVE Saluberrima
 Tu salus infirmorum,
Salve Lux pulcherrima,
 In tenebris caecorum.

Salve desiderium
 Tu patrum antiquorum,

Salve O amantium
Amator amicorum.

Salve candidissime
Tu panis angelorum,
Salve sapor optime
In corde beatorum.

Tu es quem veraciter
Desiderat cor meum ;
Confiteor tenaciter
Te hominem et Deum.

Mea conscientia
Quaecumque fert obscura,
Tua de praesentia
Propellat fides pura.

Mecum nil permaneat
Quo miser sum offensus ;
Totus in me ardeat
Amoris tui sensus.

Mentem meam dulciter
Divinitus accende ;

Te invisibiliter
Praesentem hic ostende.

Cordis mei nebulam
Per tuos nunc fulgores
Omnem fuga maculam,
Et ejice languores.

Veni, Christe optime,
Rex veni, Jesu care;
Et in sinu animae
Gratanter hospitare.

Caritas quae aureo
Sic te transfixit telo,
Ut nos ab aethereo
Tu visitares coelo,

Vulneret te hodie
Ut nunc ad me venire
Rex digneris gloriae
Nullius memor iræ.

Tibi fac hospitium,
Per gratiam dulcoris,

Sedem et triclinium
In corde peccatoris.

Deus amantissime,
Nunc mihi conjungaris,
Peccatrici animae
Nequaquam irascaris.

O benigne domine,
Hoc unum precor a te,
Fac in tuo nomine
Pro ea caritate,

Qua in carnem fragilem
Dignatus es venire
Ad me despicabilem
Digneris introire,

Totus mihi jungere
Salutis meae deus,
Cor meum complectere
Fidelis hospes meus.

Quis sim ne consideres—
Peccator sum et reus,

Tu cur homo fieres,
Memento, pie deus.

Caritate nimia,
Qua crucem ascendisti,
Cui amabilia
Tu membra conjunxisti,

Nunc amoris brachia
Tu super me extende,
Abundanti gratia
Quod praesens sis, ostende.

Propera, ingredere
Et veni festinanter,
Peccatori jungere
Te rogo nunc amanter. Amen.

SALVE, SALUBERRIMA.

HAIL ! Thou, who from heaven on high,
Health to all sickness bearest ;
Hail ! Unto the darkened eye,
Thou of all the light the fairest ;

Hail! Desire which life transcends,
Of all Thy saints departed ;
Hail! Who to Thy loving friends,
Art e'er the Loving-Hearted.

Hail! Thou bread of angels blest,
Most sweet and ever precious ;
Hail! Who with divinest taste
Dost in Thy paths refresh us ;
Thou in very truth art He
Whom my soul desireth ;
God and man I worship Thee,
To Thee my faith aspireth.

When in conscience or in thought
Guilt or dark error dwelleth,
Faith by Thy dear presence brought
All gloom and woe dispelleth ;
Make me all the fervor feel
Of that Thy fire divinest ;
Now Thyself unseen reveal,
Who e'er in secret shinest.

Let the clouds which dim my soul,
Before Thy genial splendor,

Hence, away, far distant roll,
And leave it pure and tender.
Come ! O Christ, King ever blest,
Come ! Thou one consolation,
In my heart a welcome Guest,
Fix Thy glad habitation.

May that golden shaft of love,
Which once so deeply smote Thee,
And from Heaven, Thy throne above,
Into this sad world brought Thee,
Wound anew Thy tender heart,
That Thou, in glory reigning,
May'st to me Thyself impart,
From all Thy wrath upraising.

Here Thy blessed sojourn make,
Fragrance and joy diffusing ;
Rest in my sad bosom take,
Therein Thy mansion choosing.
God of love and clemency,
Now to Thyself unite me ;
And, transgressor though I be,
Ne'er in displeasure slight me.

Lord, of Thee this gift I claim,
For this one mercy pleading ;
For thine ever-blessed Name,
For that, Thy Love exceeding,
Which erst made Thee deign to be
Of our frail flesh partaker ;
With grace and kindness visit me,
Thy servant, O my Maker.

Choose me for Thy dwelling-place,
O God of my salvation ;
Fold my heart in thine embrace,
Sweet Guest, take here Thy station !
Think not how I am with Thee,
A vile and weak transgressor ;
Rather how, made Man, for me
Thou art an Intercessor.

By that mighty Love which moved
Thee on that cross ascending,
When thereon Thy limbs beloved
Thou wast meekly bending ;
So with loving, kind embrace,
Cast, now, Thine arms around me ;

And by the bounties of Thy grace
Give proof that I have found Thee.

Two centuries later when the "Great Elector" governed Prussia, Gerhardt was singing his sweet songs for the Lutheran Church, and not for his own Church alone, but for the Church Universal. We quote from him several verses taken from Knapp's Liederschatz, No 302, translated by Miss Winkworth; the remainder of the hymn has no connection with our subject.

WIE SOLL ICH DICH EMPFANGEN?

WIE soll ich dich empfangen?

Und wie begegnen dir,

O aller Welt Verlangen

O meine Seele Zier?

O Jesu, Jesu, setze

Mir selbst die Leuchte bei,

Damit was dich ergötze,

Mir kund und wissend sey!

Dein Zion streut dir Palmen
Und grüne Zweige hin ;
Und ich will dir in Psalmen
Ermuntern meinen Sinn.
Mein Herze soll dir grünen
In stetem Lob und Preis,
Und deinem Namen dienen
So gut es kann und weisz.

.

Ich lag in schweren Banden :
Du kommst und machst mich los.
Ich stund in Spott und Schanden :
Du kommst und machst mich grosz,
Und hebst mich hoch zen Ehren,
Und schenkst mir groszes Gut,
Das sich nicht löst verzehren,
Wie eitler Reichthum thut.

Nichts, nichts hat dich getrieben
Zu mir vom, Himmelszelt,
Als dein getreues Lieben,
Damit du alle Welt

In ihren tausend Plagen
Und groszer Jammerlast.
Die kein Mund kann ausagen,
So fest umfassen hast.

Das schreib ' in deine Herzen,
Du hoch betrübtes Heer,
Bei welchem Gram und Schmerzen
Sich häufen mehr und mehr.
Seyd unverzagt ! ihr habet
Die Hülfe vor der Thür :
Der eure Herzen labet
Und tröstet, steht all hier.

Ihr dürft euch nicht bemühen,
Noch fragen, Tag und Nacht
Wie ihr ihn wollet ziehen
Mit eures Armes Macht,
Er kommt, er kommt, mit Willen,
Ist voller Lieb' und Lust,
All ' Angst und Noth zu stillen,
Die ihm an euch bewusst.

Auch dürft ihr nicht erschrecken
Vor eurer Sündenschuld ;

Nein, Jesus will sie decken
Mit seiner Lieb' und Huld.
Er kommt, er kommt den Sündern
Zum Trost und wahren Heil,
Schafft, dasz bei Gottes Kindern
Verbleib ihr Erb' und Theil.

.

How shall I meet Thee? How my heart
Receive her Lord aright?
Desire of all the earth Thou art;
My hope, my sole delight!
Kindle the lamp, Thou Lord, alone,
Half dying in my breast,
And make Thy gracious pleasure known
How I may greet Thee best.

Her budding boughs and fairest palms
Thy Zion strews around;
And songs of praise and sweetest psalms
From my glad heart shall sound.
My desert soul breaks forth in flowers,
Rejoicing in Thy fame;

And puts forth all her sleeping powers
To honor Jesus' name.

In heavy bonds I languished long,
Thou com'st to set me free ;
The scorn of every mocking tongue—
Thou com'st to honor me.
A heavenly crown Thou dost bestow
And gifts of priceless worth,
That vanish not, as here below
The riches of the earth.

Naught, naught, dear Lord, had power to
move
Thee from Thy rightful place,
Save that almighty, wondrous love
Wherewith Thou dost embrace
This weary world and all her woe,
Her load of grief and ill
And sorrow, more than man can know :
Thy love is deeper still.

O write this promise in your heart,
Ye sad at heart, with whom

Sorrows fall thick, and joys depart,
And darker grows your gloom.
Despair not, for your help is near,
He standeth at the door,
Who best can comfort you and cheer,
He comes, nor stayeth more.

Vex not your souls with care, nor grieve
And labour longer thus,
As though your arm could aught achieve,
And bring Him down to us.
He comes, He comes with ready will,
By pity moved alone ;
All pain to soothe, all tears to still,
To Him they all are known.

Ye shall not shrink nor turn aside,
Fearing to see His face,
So deep your sins, for He will hide
The darkest with His grace ;
He comes, He comes to save from sin,
All sinners to release.
For all the sons of God to win
The heritage of peace.

Among the many who made melody with Gerhardt in the German tongue, though in songs of lower key, we first notice George Weiszil of Königsberg. His beautiful hymn "Macht hoch die Thür, die Thör 'macht weit," was harmonized by Johann Crüger, the famed composer of chorals. From Miss Winkworth's translation we quote only a few verses.

O BLEST the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest !
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes !
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss !
O Comforter Divine,
What boundless grace is Thine !

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

To Thee, O God, be praise
For word and deed and grace.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in me reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise and fame
Be offered, Saviour to Thy name.

In the original this reads:

O, WOHL dem Land, o wohl der Stadt
So diesen König bei sich hat;
Wohl allen Herzen insgemein,
Da dieser König ziehet ein!
Er ist die rechte Seelen sonn',
Bringt mit sich lauter Freud' und Wonn':
Gelobet sei mein Gott
Mein Tröster früh und spät!

Macht hoch die Thür, die Thore weit
Eu'r Herz zum Tempel zubereit't;
Die zweiglein der Gottseligkeit
Steckt auf mit Andacht, Lust und Freud';
So kommt der König auch zu euch,
Ja Heil und Leben mit zugleich.
Gelobet sei mein Gott,
Voll Rath, voll That, voll Grad'.

Komm, o mein Heiland, Jesu Christ,
Mein's Herzen's Thur dir offen ist:
Ach zeuch mit deiner Gnade ein;
Dein Freundlichkeit auch uns erschein';
Dein heil'ger Geist uns führ und leit'
Den Weg zur ew'gen Seligkeit
Dem Namen dein, O Herr.
Sei ewig Preis und ehr'!

And the wife of the Great Elector herself,
Louisa Henrietta, of Brandenburg, noble and
graceful, fair and good, sweet Christian woman
and loving wife, skillful in state affairs and wise

in counsel, was also one of the Church's sweet singers, and her hymns are counted as priceless and imperishable as is her own most blessed memory. We quote from the beloved Electress a few verses, giving, as before, Miss Winkworth's translation :

I WILL return unto the Lord
From all my evil ways ;
O God, do Thou Thy help afford,
Teach me to seek Thy face ;
Thy holy Spirit's strength impart,
Who can anew create my heart ;
Deny me not this grace.

For man sees not his wretched plight
Till Thy touch make him see ;
Without Thy Spirit's inner light
All blind and dead is he,
Biased in sense and will and deed ;
O Father, let me now be freed
From this great misery !

•
Lord, knock in mercy at my door,
And all that I have done

Against Thee, do Thou set before
This heart, till it is won
To mourn that it was e'er so weak,
And in my grief adown this cheek
Hot tears of sorrow run.

.

Then with Thy Father intercede,
That He no more should think
Of all my sins, each evil deed
That makes me quail and shrink !
Ah ! let the burden of my guilt,
For which such precious blood was spilt,
Beneath the ocean sink !

And henceforth will I, day by day,
With strenuous, ceaseless care,
From all false pleasures turn away
And rather all things bear
Than willingly to sin give place :
Dear Lord, give Thou Thy strength and
grace
To do as I declare !

To the same period belongs Johann Frank, of Saxony, a Christian poet of rare fervor and individuality. The hymn of his, which is given below, "Das Salbungsvollste aller Abendmahlslieder," was also harmonized by J. Crüger. We have found several renderings of the poem, but cannot tell which is the original form, though, probably, the one annexed is the first.

SCHMÜCKE dich, o liebe Seele,
Lasz die dunkle Sündenhöhle,
Komm aus helle Licht gegangen,
Fange herrlich an zu prangen!
Denn der Herr voll Heil and Gnaden
Will dich jetzt zu Gaste laden,
Der den Himmel kann verwalten,
Will jetzt Herberg' in dir halten.

Eile wie Verlobte pflegen,
Deinem Bräutigam entgegen,
Der da mit dem Gnadenhammer
Klopft an deine Herzenskammer.

Offn' ihm bald des Geistes Pforten
Red' ihm an mit schönen Worten
Herr dich gläubig zu genießen
Lasz mich deiner nicht mehr missen.

Zwar in Kaufung theurer Waaren
Pfleget man sonst kein Geld zu sparen:
Ober du willst für die Gaben
Deine Huld kein Geld nicht haben,
Weil in allen Berg werksgründen
Kein solch Kleinod ist zu finden—
Das die blut gefüllten Schaalen
Und dies Manna kann bezahlen.

Ach, wie hungert mein Gemüthe,
Menschenfreund, nach Deiner Güte;
Ach, wie pfleg' ich oft mit Thränen
Mich nach dieser Kost zu sehnen;
Ach, wie pfeget mich zu dürsten
Nach dem Trank des Lebensfürsten;
Wünschte stets, dasz mein Gebeine
Sich durch Gott mit Gott vereine!

Beides Freude und auch zittern
Läset sich in mir jetzt wettern;

Das Geheimnisz diesen Speise
Und die unerforschte Weise
Machen dasz ich früh vermerke
Herr ! die Grosze deiner Werke.
Ist auch wohl ein Mensch zu finden
Du dein Allmacht kaun ergrunden ?

Nein, Vernunft, hier muszt du weichen,
Kannst das Wunder nicht erreichen :
Dasz diesz Brod nie wird verzehret ;
Ob es gleich viel Tausend nähret ;
Und dasz mit dem Saft der Reben
Uns wird Christi Blut gegeben
O der groszen Heimlichkeiten,
Die nur Gottes Geist kann deuten !

Jesu, meine Lebenssonne,
Jesu, meine Frend' und Wonne,
Jesu, Du mein ganz Beginnen,
Lebensquell und Licht der Sinnen !
Hier fall ich zu Deinen Füßen,
Laz mich würdiglich geniessen
Diese Deine Himmelsspeise,
Mir zum Heil und Dir zum Preise.

Herr, es hat Dein treues Lieben
Dich von Himmel hergetrieben,
Dasz Du willig hast Dein Leben
In den Tod für uns gegeben,
Und dazu ganz unverdrossen
Herr, Dein Blut für uns vergossen,
Das uns jetzt kann kräftig tränken,
Deiner Liebe zu gedenken.

Jesu, wahres Brod des Lebens,
Hilf, dasz ich doch nicht vergebens,
Oder mir vielleicht zum Schaden
Sei zu Deinem Tisch geladen.
Lasz mich deuch diesz Seelen-essen
Deine Liebe recht ermessen,
Dasz ich einst, wie jetzt auf erden
Mög Dein Gast in Himmel werden.

In another version the second verse reads

Eile wie Verlobte pflegen,
Deinem Bräutigam entgegen,
Der mit süssen Gnaden worten
Klopft an deines Herzens Pforten !

Eile sie Ihm auf zuschliessen,
Wirf dich hin zu Seinen Füßen,
Sprich : O Herr, lasz Dich umfassen
Von Dir will ich nimmer lassen !

And the fifth is

Herr ! ich freue mich mit Beben
Dasz Du mir Dich selbst willst geben,
Mir Dein Leben zu gewähren
Und mich mich Dir selbst zu nähren.
Unerforschlich heil'ge Weise !
Wunderbare Seelen Speise !
O wer darf sich unterwinden
Diesz Geheimnisz zu ergründen ?

The translation (Miss Winkworth's) we copy
from an English Choral Book.

DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendor,
There with joy thy praises render

Unto Him whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded ;
High o'er all the heavens He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him.
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal ;
Haste to ope the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
“ Suffer Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I never more will leave Thee.”

Ah ! how hungers all my spirit
For the love I do not merit ;
Oft have I with sighs fast thronging
Thought upon this food with longing ;
In the battle well nigh worsted,
For this cup of life have thirsted ;
For the Friend who here invites us,
And to God Himself unites us.

Now I sink before Thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,

As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder ;
How, by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man hath ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden,
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth,
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee.
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited ;
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure,
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

From Vol. III. of Rambach's Anthologie Christlichen Gesange, we copy the following poem, entitled "Liebe zu Jesu," written by Martin Jahn, another writer of the XVIIth century. The author is betrayed into the errors of the ordinary German hymn writer, sameness and repetition, but, for all that, the thought is very sweet. We have failed in our translation to preserve throughout the hymn, the same closing line for each stanza. It will be seen that in the original this is done with but little variation after the first three verses, "Meinen Jesum lasz ich nicht," or "Lasz ich meinen Jesum nicht," being the usual form; but, so far as possible, we have preserved the feeling of the German.

LIEBE ZU JESU.

JESU, meiner Seelen-Wonne,
Jesu, meine beste Lust,
Jesu, meine Freudensonne,
Jesu, dir ist ja bewusst,
Wie ich dich so herzlich liebe
Und mich ohne dich betrübe.
Drum, O Jesu, komm zu mir,
Und bleib bey mir für und für.

Kommst du? Ja, du kommst gegangen,
Jesu du bist schon allhier,
Klopfest stark und mit Verlangen
An' an meine Herzensthür,
Bleib doch nicht, so draussen stehen!
Willst du wieder von mir gehen?
Ach! ich lasse dich durchaus
Nicht weggehn von meinem Haus.

Ach! nun hab ich endlich funden
Den, den meine Seele liebt;
Der sich mit mir hat verbunden
Und sich selbst für mich hingiebt.
Den will ich nun vest umfassen
Und durchaus nicht von mir lassen,
Bis er mir den Seyen spricht;
Meiner Jesum lasz ich nicht.

Wohl mir dasz ich Jesum habe!
O wie veste halt' ich ihn,
Dasz er mir mein Herze labe,
Wenn ich krank und traurig bin!
Jesum hab' ich, der mich liebet
Und sein Leben für mich giebet.

Ach ! drum lasz ich Jesum nicht
Wenn mir gleich das Herze bricht.

Musz ich alles gleich verlassen,
Was ich hab in dieser Welt,
Will ich doch im Herzen fassen
Meinem Jesum ; der gefällt
Mir vor allen andern Schätzen,
An dem ich mich kann ergätzen,
Er ist meine zuversicht ;
Meinen Jesum lasz ich nicht.

Ach ! wer wollte Jesum lassen ?
Jesum lasz ich nimmermehr.
Andre mögen Jesum hassen :
Jesum ich allein begehrt.
In den gut und bösen Tagen,
Dasz er mir mein Kreuz hief tragen,
Weil er ist der Weg und Licht,
Lasz ich meinen Jesum nicht.

Wenn ich nur kann Jesum haben,
Nach dem Andren frag ich nicht,
Er kann meine Seele laben,
Und ist meine zuversicht.

In den letzten Todeszügen,
Wenn ich hülflos da musz liegen,
Und mir bricht der Augen Licht,
Lasz ich meinen Jesum nicht.

Jesus bleibet meine Freude,
Meines Herzens Trost und Saft ;
Jesus steuret allem Leide ;
Er ist meines Lebens Kraft ;
Meiner Augen Lust and Sonne,
Meiner Seelen Schatz und Wonne,
O drum lasz ich Jesum nicht
Aus dem Herzen und Gesicht !

I HAVE JESUS.

JESU, Thou my soul's best pleasure !
Jesu, Thou my heart's delight !
Jesu, sunshine without measure,
Banishing the darksome night !
Thou dost know how much I love Thee,
How I grieve if Thou remove Thee ;
Therefore enter Thou the door,
Enter and depart no more.

Com'st Thou? Yea, the Lord draws nigh,
And already, lo! He knocks;
Knocking loud with strong desire
Whilst my soul draws back the locks.
Stand not thus without, my Saviour,
Wilt Thou rob me of Thy favor?
Thou shalt never turn aside
From the house where I abide.

Now, at last, my soul hath found Him,
Whom alone she joys to see;
Unto me His love hath bound Him,
He hath given Himself for me.
Never her embrace releasing,
Pleads my soul with cries unceasing,
Will not let her Jesus go,
Till the blessing He bestow.

Well for me that I have Jesus!
O how fast to Him I hold!
Well that He my heart refreshes
When it weary is and cold.
I have Jesus! Me He loveth,
And Himself for me He giveth;

Ah ! I cannot Christ forsake
Even though my heart should break.

Called to part with every pleasure
Which on earth my soul holds dear,
Still I keep my truest treasure ;
Jesus whom I love is here.

Jesus' love by far exceedeth
All for which my weak heart pleadeth ;
I rely upon His Word,—
Never will I leave my Lord.

Ah ! who would from Jesus wander ?

I will leave Him never more ;
Others hate Him, I grow fonder,
Him alone would I adore.

In the days of joy or sorrow
Strength to bear my cross I borrow
From Thy strength, my Light, my Way ;
I will never from Thee stray.

If I only can possess Thee

I will ask for naught beside ;
Look, my soul ; one glance can bless thee
From Thy Love, the Crucified.

In Death's bitter hour of anguish,
When all helplessly I languish,
And Earth's sunlight groweth dim,
I will fix my eyes on Him.

Jesus still remains my Gladness,
He my Life, my heart's Delight,
Jesus banishes all sadness,
Is my very being's Might;
Of my eyes the Joy and Brightness,
Of my soul the Bliss and Lightness,
Therefore shall He ever shine
In this heart and face of mine.

To this simple expression of child-like love and trust may be added another extract from the German. Hymn 957, in *Knapp's Geistlicher Liederschatz*, 1865, from the pen of Christoph Karl Ludwig V.Pfeil, is plain and homely in diction, but very heartfelt. It is hoped that in its English dress it will not be found that the choicest German characteristics of the hymn have disappeared.

AUF! mein Herz, dein Heil ist nahe;
Thu' die Thür auf, und empfahe

Den, der anklopft ; wer ihn höret
Und den Eingang ihm gewähret,
Zu dem will er sich in Gnaden,
Und ihn mit zum Nachtmahl laden.

Was hast du ihm vorzusetzen,
Ihm sein Herze zu ergötzen?
Womit soll er seinen Willen
Als dein Gast vergnüglich stillen?
Kannst du Jesum Christum sehen
Ungesättigt vor dir gehen?

Führ' ihn in des Herzens Kammer,
Zeig' ihm deinen ganzen Jammer,
Armuth, Elend, Noth und Blösse,
Sünden—Meng' und ihre Grösse?
Sage : “ Von des Falles wegen
Ist dies Alles mein Vermögen.

Was ich ausser Diesem habe,
Ist, O Herr nur deine Gabe ;
Nimm fürlieb mit meinem Sehnen,
Glaubens—Hoffnungs—Liebes—Thränen,
Mit dem innigsten Verlangen
Deine Gnade zu empfangen !

Nimm forlieb mit deiner Früchten !
Lasz mit eigenen Gerichten,
Mir geschenkt durch dein Versöhnen,
Dich bewirthen und bedienen !
Hätt' ich mehr von dir genommen,
Könntest du jetzt mehr bekommen.

Ober eben, Herr deszwegen,
Weil so dürftig mein Vermögen,
Gönne mir an deinem Tische,
Dasz sich meine Kraft erfrische,
Dasz mein Herz schon hier auf Erden
Möge ganz dein Schatzhaus werden.

Lasz mit dir mich Nachtmahl halten,
Dasz die Triebe nicht erkalten,
Die aus dir in mir noch leben :
Dein Leib, der für mich gegeben,
Und dein Blut, für mich vergossen,
Mache mich zum Reichs genossen."

RISE my heart, the Lord immortal
Standeth knocking at thy portal :

Haste to open and receive Him !
Welcome entrance if thou give Him,
Heavenly food will He provide thee,
And at supper sit beside thee.

What hast thou to set before Him ?
What libation wilt thou pour Him ?
What is there to thee belonging
That can satisfy His longing ?
Canst thou see the Saviour turning
From thy door with hopeless yearning ?

To thine inner chamber take Him ;
There a full confession make Him.
Show thy woe, thy want, thy blindness,
Countless sins against His kindness,
Say, " Through Adam's sad transgression
These, alone, are my possession.

All I have beside, dear Saviour,
Holding only through Thy favour,
Take again ; Thy soul contenting
With my sighing and repenting,
Tears of faith, and strong endeavor
For Thy grace, that faileth never.

Take Thy fruit, content in spirit,
And, through Thine atonement's merit,
Of my heart's free choice, O let me
Be Thy host, a table set Thee.
Had I stored what Thou didst proffer,
Now, to Thee, I more could offer.

Yet, because of this my fortune,
Poor and scanty, set a portion
For me at Thy board of blessing,
Thus my feeble strength increasing,
That my heart, though small of measure,
May be store-house for Thy treasure.

Supping thus with me, Thy servant,
Keep the aspirations fervent,
Kindled by Thy love within me.
May Thy blood, that flowed to win me,
And Thy body, bleeding, broken,
Make me heir to joys unspoken."

Also from Schmolke's more than eleven hundred hymns and sacred poems, we select a few verses, verses that have a ring to them which our

translation very faintly echoes. This hymn was probably written toward the first of the eighteenth century.

HOSIANNA, David's Sohn

Kommt in Zion eingezogen :
Auf, bereitet ihm den Thron,
Sitzt ihm tausend Ehrenbogen :
Streuet Palmen, machet Bahn,
Dasz Er Einzug halten kann.

Hosianna, sey gegaüszet,

Komm wir gehen dir entgegen ;
Unser Herz ist schon gerüst't,
Will sich dir zu Füßen legen ;
Zeuch zu unsern Thoren ein,
Du sollst uns willkommen sein.

Hosianna Friedefürst,

Ehrenkonig, Held im Streite !
Alles, was du schaffen wirst,
Das ist unsre Siegesbeute :
Deine Rechte bleibt erhöht,
Und dein Reich allein besteht.

Hosianna lieber Gast,
Wir sind deine Reichsgenossen,
Die du dir erwählet hast ;
Ach, so lasz uns unverdrossen
Deinem Scepter dienstbar sein,
Herrsche du in uns allein.

Hosianna, Komme bald,
Lasz uns deine Sauftmuth küssen ;
Wollte gleich die Knechtsgestalt,
Deine Majestät verschliessen ;
O so kennet Zion schon
Gottes und auch David's Sohn.

.
Hosianna nah und fern !
Eile bei uns einzugehen ;
Du gesegneter des Herrn,
Warum willst du draussen stehen ?
Hosianna, bist du da ?
Ja, du kommst, Halleluja !

SHOUT hosanna ! David's Son,
Now, into His Zion marches !

Up, prepare for Him the throne,
Wreath for Him triumphal arches !
Strew Him palms, a pathway make,
That His entrance He may take !

Shout hosanna ! Thee we greet,
Run to meet Thee, O most Holy,
And, made ready at Thy feet,
See, our hearts are lying lowly ;
Enter Thou our door within,
Joyous welcome Thou shalt win.

Shout hosanna ! Prince of peace !
Battle hero ! King of glory !
Spoils of victory increase,
Won for us, through conflicts gory ;
Thine the right we would extol,
Thine the kingdom over all.

Shout hosanna ! Dearest Guest,
We inherit with Thee, reigning.
Thou hast loved us, loved us best ;
Then, ah ! let us, uncomplaining,
Service to Thy sceptre pay ;
Rule Thou in our hearts for aye.

Shout hosanna ! Quickly come ;
 Let us now adorn Thy meekness.
 Can Thy Majesty find room
 In a servant's form of weakness ?
 Thus to Zion art Thou known,
 God's, but also David's, Son.

.

Loud hosannas let us shout !
 Enter in us, blessed Master.
 Wherefore dost Thou stand without ?
 Sound hosannas, louder, faster !
 Wilt Thou make in us Thy home ?
 Hallelujah ! Thou art come.

From the *Gesangbuch zum Gebrauch Evangelischen Brüder-gemeinen*, Barby, 1783, we take yet another unpretending, simple welcome to the heart's Guest. The authorship is unknown to us. Its translation is given below :

ACH komm, du süsßer Herzensgast
 Du Labsal meiner Seele !

Bey der du deine Wohnung hast
In dieser Jammerhöhle.

Reut aus, du theures Glaubenspfand !
Was nicht dein eigen heisset ;
Ach ! beut dem Willen doch die Hand,
Der sich der Welt entreisset.

Es schaut dein holder Gnadenblick
Die Sündergrust im Herzen,
Und zieht sich dennoch nicht zurück
Er sieht auf Christi Schmerzen.

Ich öffne dir Herz, Seel und Sinn,
Mit brünstigem Verlangen,
Dich O mein Jesu ! mein Gewinn,
Recht freudig zu umfassen.

Komm, komm und halt dein Abendmahl
Mit deinem schwachem Kinde ;
Dasz deiner süßen Liebe Strahl
Mich inniglich entzünde.

O da verbindt sich Seel und Gott
In recht vertrauter Liebe

Was ihm zuwider musz in Tod
Vor diesem Himmelstriebe.

Da liegt des Teufels macht zerstreut,
Die Welt ist überwunden;
Da führt des Geistes Freudigkeit
Die Sündenlust gebunden.

Wie leicht ist dann des Heilands Joch,
Wie sanft ist seine Bürde!
Ach! spricht die Seele; dasz ich doch
Ihm ganz zur Freude würde!

Du Geist der Gnade! steh mir bey,
Und lasz mich ja nicht fallen!
Mach meinen ganz gewisz und frey,
Und leite mich in allen.

Ach nim mein Herz, dir gänzlich ein,
Und stark es aus der Höhe!
Dann werd ich völleg selig seyn,
Wenn ich einst Jesum sehe.

O come, sweet Inmate of my breast,
My soul's refreshing gladness,

Thou who dost deign to take Thy rest
Even in this cave of sadness.

From all that is not truly Thine,
Dear Pledge of faith, deliver ;
And welcome Thou this will of mine,
Which from the world would sever.

Thy kindly glance, the sinner's plea
For welcome to Thy favor ;
Who, if he turn not back, may see
The Passion of his Saviour.

My heart and soul and mind I ope,
With longings there to hold Thee :
O Jesus, Thou my Prize, my Hope,
Right joyous I enfold Thee.

Come, come, and hold Thy evening meal
With me, Thy weakest creature ;
Thy sweet love's rays, O let me feel,
Enkindling all my nature.

Ah ! thus the soul to God is chained,
To God its love is given.

Death to whatever would withstand
Its upward course to heaven !

The power of Satan scattered lies ;
Vanquished the world, so winning ;
And now the Spirit's gladsomeness
Leads bound all wish for sinning.

The Saviour's yoke now groweth light,
His burden light of bearing ;
Ah ! says the soul, if that I might
Please Jesus by the wearing.

Spirit of Grace, remain with me,
And let me stumble never ;
Make my step light, and firm, and free,
And guide me on forever.

Oh ! bind my heart alone to Thee,
And in Thy strength enfold me ;
Then will my bliss perfected be,
When once mine eyes behold Thee.

We cannot close this chapter without adding a

few lines from the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, taken from Prof. Shedd's edition. The first extract is from II. 2, the second, V. 6. They need no comment.

“And how will I call upon my God, my God and Lord, since when I call for Him I shall be calling Him into myself? and what room is there within me whither my God can come into me? Whither can God come into me, God who made heaven and earth? Is there, indeed, O Lord my God, aught in me that can contain Thee? Do then heaven and earth, which Thou hast made, and wherein Thou hast made me, contain Thee? Or, because nothing which exists could exist without Thee, doth, therefore, whatever exists, contain Thee? Since then, I, too, exist, why do I seek that Thou shouldest enter into me, who were not, wert Thou not in me?

“The house of my soul is too strait for Thee to come into, but let it, O Lord, be enlarged, that Thou mayst enter in. It is ruinous; repair Thou it. It has that within, which must offend thine eyes; I confess and know it. But who shall cleanse it? or to whom should I cry out save Thee?”

CHAPTER III.

ASPIRATIONS.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength ;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine immeasurable grace.—WATTS.

IT would be well-nigh impossible to open a collection of hymns in use in Christian churches without finding there, in rhythmic form, many prayers and longings of the soul for Christ's presence in the heart. The fervid Wesley sings :

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling !
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown :

Jesus ! Thou art all compassion—
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Suddenly return and never,
Never more Thy temples leave !
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy host above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

While the sainted Doddridge pleads :

ENTER our hearts, Redeemer blest !
Enter, Thou ever honoured Guest,
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix Thy lasting throne.

Own this mean dwelling as Thy home,
And, when our life's last hour is come,

Let us but die as in Thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight.

All of our best known hymnists have uttered, in different keys, the self-same cry. Watts, in his *Lyric Poems*, with a few touches of great beauty treats of the indwelling Christ. The whole poem is not to our purpose, but such a stanza as the following, by dwelling upon what has been, feelingly implies the longings of the soul for its absent Lord.

HAPPY the times; but oh! the times are
gone,

When wondrous power and radiant grace,
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays.

Sin with all its ghastly train
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face.

Our spirits, raptured with the sight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hosannas sounded the Redeemer's
praise.

Here, could I say,
(And point the spot whereon I stood,)
Here I enjoyed a visit half the day
From my descending God ;
I was regaled with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above,
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While mine Emmanuel was there,
And o'er my head
The Conqueror spread
The banner of His love.

And the loving, hopeless, broken-hearted Cow-
per complains :

THY mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, Thy dwelling place secure !
Bid the unruly throng depart
And leave the consecrated door.

Devoted as it is to Thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place ;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of His praise.

There, too, a sharp designing trade
Sin, Satan and the world maintain,
Nor cease to press me and persuade
To part with ease and purchase pain.

I know them and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd ;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve Thee as I would.

O for the joy Thy presence gives !
What peace shall reign when Thou art
here !
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

And if Thou make the temple shine,
Yet self-abased will I adore ;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give Thee what was Thine before.

And nearly every hymn-lover can recall, from
anonymous sources, lines similar in spirit to the

following, though not always possessing their grace of sweetness.

COME, my Redeemer come,
And deign to dwell with me ;
Come, and Thy right assume,
And bid Thy rivals flee :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

Exert Thy mighty power
And banish all my sin ;
In this auspicious hour
Bring all Thy graces in :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

Rule Thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath Thy full control :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

The time would fail us were we to tell of the many who have thus prayed and sung. The tide of such prayer and such singing has rolled and swelled along the ages till the sound is like that of a mighty multitude whom no man can number.

Occasionally we catch sweet strains from single voices, as from the "Doctor mellifluus," who sang, says Dr. Schaff, in his *Christ in Song*, "the sweetest and most evangelical hymn of the Middle Ages"—St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, in Champagne. Born of a knightly family in Burgundy, reared gently by a noble mother, making, as many a modern saint has done, the groves his temples for God's praise, and "a woodland bower, his oratory," binding his five brothers to him under one monastic roof, and making his monastery a dearly loved home, not for them alone, but

for all the brotherhood who were his beloved children, "whose love," he assured them, in dying, "urged him to remain below," he thus lived, and preached, and sang, and died; "the best monk," says Dr. Martin Luther, "that ever lived." We cannot attempt to give the many English renderings of this choice hymn of praise. We quote but fifteen of the fifty original Latin quatrains. The selection, we believe, is Trench's. Our first translation, by E. Caswell, is taken from the *Lyra Catholica*, it being a translation of the abridged form as given, in three parts, in the Roman Breviary. In *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, Mr. Caswell's verses show some variations from this version, being there better adapted for music.

JESU ! dulcis memoria !
 Dans vera cordi gandia,
 Sed super mel et omnia
 Ejus dulcis praesentia.

Nil canitur suavius,
 Nil auditur jucundius,
 Nil cogitatur dulcius
 Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Jesus, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus te quaerentibus
Sed quid invenientibus?

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec litera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

Jesu, Rex admirabilis,
Et Triumphator nobilis,
Dulcedo ineffabilis,
Toties desiderabilis.

Mane nobiscum, Domine,
Et nos illustra Lumine;
Pulsa mentis caligine,
Mundum replens Dulcedine.

Quando cor nostrum visitas
Tunc lucet ei veritas,
Mundi silescit vanitas
Et intus fervet charitas.

Jesu, Dulcedo cordium !
Fons vivus, Lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium !

Jesum omnes agnoscite,
Amorem ejus poscite,
Jesum ardentem quaerite,
Quærendo inardescite.

(Te nostra, Jesu, vox sonet
Nostri Te mores exprimant,
Te corda nostra diligant
Et nunc et in perpetuum.)

Jesu Decus Angelicum,
In aure dulce canticum,
In ore mel mirificum
In corde nectar coelicum.

Qui Te gustant esuriunt,
Qui bibunt adhuc sitiunt ;
Desiderare nesciunt
Nisi Jesum Quem diligunt.

O Jesu, mi dulcissime
Spes et spirantis animae,
Te quaerunt piae lacrymae,
Te clamor mentis intimae.

Mane nobiscum Domine
Et nos illustra Lumine,
Pulsa mentes caligine,
Mundum replens dulcedine.

Jesus! Flos Matris Virginis,
Amor nostrae dulcedinis,
Tibi laus, honor Numinis,
Regnum beatitudinis.

I.

JESU! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !

O Hope of every contrite heart !
O Joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu ! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shalt be ;
Jesu ! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

II.

O Jesu ! King most wonderful !
Thou Conqueror renowned !
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !

When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu ! Light of all below !
Thou Fount of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire :

May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues forever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

III.

O Jesu ! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above ;

Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed !
Who eat Thee hunger still ;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which nought but Thou can fill.

O my sweet Jesu ! hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send ;
To Thee my inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end !

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light,
Illume the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu ! spotless virgin-flower !
Our love and joy ! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity.

In *Hymnal Noted*, is an English version of the

first portion of this hymn, from the pen of one of the happiest of translators, the late Dr. Neale, and which is copied below :

UNTO YOU WHICH BELIEVE HE IS
PRECIOUS.

JESU ! the very thought is sweet !
In that dear name all heart joys meet :
But oh ! than honey, sweeter far,
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this ;
No sound is heard more full of bliss ;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God, Most High.

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No tongue can write the blessedness ;

He only who has proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

O Jesu, King of wondrous might !
O Victor, glorious from the fight !
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest !

Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
Fulfill us with Thy grace, we pray ;
And with Thine own true sweetness feed
Our souls, from sin and darkness freed.

And so we might continue, multiplying translations of this precious song, but we turn now to a later singer, Johann Scheffler, who wrote in the seventeenth century, and is better known under his adopted name, Angelus Silesius. Born in the Lutheran Church, and then, through the dogmatism of the surrounding Lutheran clergy driven to Roman Catholicism, his hymns are neither Roman nor Lutheran, but purely Christian, and they
♦ have spoken comfort to Christians of every name.

The translation here given is taken from the *Sacrifice of Praise*, and is the work of R. P. Dunn. The hymn breathes "the most ardent longing for entire self-surrender" to Christ, which is, writes Miss Winkworth, a characteristic of most of his devotional poems.

JESU, JESU, KOMM' ZU MIR.

JESU, Jesu, komm' zu mir !
O wie sehn' ich mich nach dir !
Komm', du bester Seelenfreund !
Wann werd' ich mit dir vereint ?

Tausendmal begehrt' ich dein ;
Ohne dich ist Alles Pein ;
Tausendmal ruf' ich zu dir :
Jesu, Jesu, komm' zu mir !

Keine Lust ist in der Welt,
Die mein Herz zufrieden stellt.
Jesu, deine Lieb' allein
Kann mein armes Herz erfreu'n !

Herr, du best des Himmels Sicht !
Wärest du im Himmel nicht,
Hätt' er fur mich keinen Schein,
Möcht ich nicht darinnen seyn.

Nimm nur Alles von mir hin,
Was dir gegen deinen Sinn ;
Herrsche ganz allein in mir !
Mach' mich ganz zur Freude dir !

Keinem Andern sag' ich zu,
Dasz ich ihm mein Herz aufthu' ;
Dich alleine lasz ich ein,
Dich alleine neun' ich mein.

Du allein, o Gottes Sohn,
Bist mein Schild und grosser Lohn ;
Dir, o mein Versöhner du,
Dir allein gehör ich zu !

O so komm denn in mein Herz,
Heile mich von Sünd' und Schmerz ;
Sieh', ich rufe für und für ;
Jesu, Jesu, komm zu mir !

Nun ich warte, mit geduld,
Bitte nur um diese Huld,
Dasz du auch in Todespein
Wollst mein Licht und Leben seyn.

JESUS, Jesus, visit me !
How my soul longs after Thee !
When, my best, my dearest friend,
Shall our separation end ?

Lord, my longings never cease,
Without Thee I find no peace,
'Tis my constant cry to Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear,
Naught but Thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

Thou, alone, my gracious Lord,
Art my shield and great reward ;
Art my hope, my Saviour Thou,
To Thy Sovereign will I bow.

Come, inhabit Thou my heart,
Purge its sin and heal its smart ;
See, I ever cry to Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

Patiently I wait Thy day,
For this gift alone I pray,
That when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life shall be.

From a hymn of the noble Count Zinzendorf,
who wrote yet later, we quote a stanza or two,
breathing the same self-consecration.

DA ist mein Herz, du Herz der Seele !
Erwähl' es dir zum Königssaal !
Er ist zwar eine enge Höhle,
Und deiner Füll' ist Keine Zahl !
Doch deine Liebe, die dich nieder
In mein verlор'nes Wesen zog
Und deine Gottheit überwog,
Die ziehe dich auch jetzo wieder.

Hier ist der Ort, hier sollst du wohnen ;
Hier soll die höchste Majestät
Als auf dem Stuhl der ehre thronen ;
Dein Friedens grusz sey mein Gebet,
Dein Scepter sey mein ganzer Wille,
Dein Reich sey Leib und Seel' und Geist,
Darin sich deine Macht erweist,
Dein Ruh' bett meine Seelenstille !

Which translated might read something as follows :

HEART of my soul, my heart I proffer,
Thy royal palace let it be ;
A dismal, narrow cave I offer
To hold Thy boundless majesty.
But yet the love, all condescending,
Unto my utter weakness shown,
Which laid Thy mighty Godhead down,
Will make Thy work of grace unending.

This be Thy place of habitation,
The highest majesty shall here

As on a throne, assume its station ;
Thy peaceful greeting be my prayer ;
As scepter take my will, made holy ;
Body and soul, Thy kingdom blest,
Wherein Thy power is manifest ;
My soul's hush, be thy couch full lowly.

John Byrom, too, a gentleman of Manchester, England, told in the last century, in words which the church delights to make her own, of fervent longings for his Lord. This hymn is found in nearly every modern collection for Sabbath service in the Lord's house.

LONGING FOR CHRIST.

My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Although I be unworthy
Of so Divine a Guest.

Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,

Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love ;
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

Coming down to our times, we find a "Supplication" of Jean Ingelow's, in the little volume of *Hymns for all Christians*, compiled by Charles F. Deems and that earnest hymn lover, Phœbe Cary. The prayer is one in spirit with those of earlier times which we have quoted.

O GOD, O Kinsman, loved, but not enough ;
O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways
rough,
Whose lips, drawn human breath !

By that one likeness which is ours and
Thine ;

By that one nature which doth hold us
kin ;

By that high heaven where sinless Thou
dost shine,

To draw us sinners in ;

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall ;

By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree ;

By darkness, by the wormwood and the
gall,

I pray Thee, visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast-
away,

Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—

Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly
day

Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

And deign, O watcher, with the sleepless
brow,

Pathetic in its yearning,—deign reply :

Is there, oh! is there aught that such as
Thou—

Wouldst take from such as I?

And two of the sweetest hymnists of modern times, Bonar and Lyte, have each uttered their prayer—echoed back from the evening when He drew near Emmaus—"Abide with me." That of Lyte we all remember, remembering, too, it was his Swan Song, so we keep it for our last. Bonar's, taken from the 2d series of his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, may be less familiar.

ABIDE WITH US.

Luke xxiv. 29.

'TIS evening now!
O Saviour wilt not Thou
Enter my home and heart,
Nor ever hence depart,
Even when the morning breaks,
And earth again awakes.
Thou wilt abide with me,
And I with Thee.

The world is old !
Its air grows dull and cold ;
Upon its aged face
The wrinkles come apace ;
Its western sky is wan,
Its youth and joy are gone.
O Master, be our light,
When o'er us falls the night.

Evil is round !
Iniquities abound ;
Our cottage will be lone
When the great Sun is gone ;
O Saviour, come and bless,
Come share our loneliness ;
We need a comforter,
Take up Thy dwelling here.

In the quiet parish of Brixham, admonished by his failing health, Lyte bade a farewell to his people. On that last Sabbath he preached of the Holy Communion, and then once more administered it to his loving flock. On that same even-

ing he gave into the hands of a dear friend this his last hymn, and then, living only until he reached Nice, he entered into that closer communion of which Jesus spake to His own when He promised to drink of the fruit of the vine with them in His Father's kingdom. For this disciple there was not long to wait; but almost as if, on the instant of his prayer, the angel had been caused to fly swiftly to bear him answer from the King, because he was greatly beloved, he saw at once—

“Heaven's morning break, and earth's vain shadows flee ;”

and now he abideth with his Lord.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me ! Fast falls the even-tide !
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me
abide !

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass
away ;

Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,
 Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me !

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
 wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with
 me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse mean-
 while,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee :
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's
 power ?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with
me !

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee.
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

BERRYHEAD, September, 1847.

So have the many who have led the church in
psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, prayed
and sung; and if we cannot, like them, voice

forth our prayers and longings, yet He who knoweth the heart seeth whether we are making ready for His approach, and sighing for the hour when He shall come. If thus (though all silently), we are seeking Him whom our soul loveth, His quick ear catches the melody in our hearts which He loves best to hear, better than all tuneful measures of sweet instruments, better than pleasant words of rhythmic sound. If now we stand thus, voiceless but praiseful, whilst a godly priest uttereth his prayer; if our hearts respond to each petition and our voices join in the grand “amen” sounding from century to century, on Christian tongues, since Jeremy Taylor, devout as he was eloquent, first put this craving of the heart into words, doubt not that He will hear in heaven His dwelling place and send to our yearning hearts His answer of peace. Let us pray :—

“ Lord, Thou shalt find my heart full of cares and worldly desires, cheated with love of riches, and neglect of holy things, proud, and unmortified, false and crafty to deceive itself, intricate and entangled with difficult cases of conscience, with knots which my own wildness, and inconsideration, and impatience, have tied and shuffled

together. O my dearest Lord, if Thou canst behold such an impure seat, behold, the place, to which Thou art invited, is full of passion and prejudice, evil principles and evil habits, peevish and disobedient, lustful and intemperate, and full of sad remembrances, that I have often provoked to jealousy and to anger Thee, my God, my dearest Saviour, Him that died for me, Him that suffered torments for me, that is infinitely good to me, and infinitely good and perfect in Himself. This, O dearest Saviour, is a sad truth, and I am heartily ashamed, and truly sorrowful for it, and do deeply hate all my sins, and am full of indignation against myself for so unworthy, so careless, so continued, so great a folly; and humbly beg of Thee to increase my sorrow, and my care, and my hatred, against sin; and make my love to Thee swell up to a great grace, and then to glory and immensity. Therefore, O blessed Jesus, who art my Saviour and my God, whose body is my food, and Thy righteousness is my robe, thou art the Priest and the Sacrifice, the Master of the feast and the feast itself, the Physician of my soul, the Light of mine eyes, the Purifier of my stains: enter into my heart, and cast out from thence all impurities, all the remains of the old

man. O now come, Lord Jesus, come quickly : my heart is desirous of Thy presence and thirsty of Thy grace, and would fain entertain Thee, not as a guest, but as an inhabitant, as the Lord of my faculties. Enter in and take possession, and dwell with me forever ; that I also may dwell in the heart of my dearest Lord, which was opened for me with a spear and love." Amen.



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